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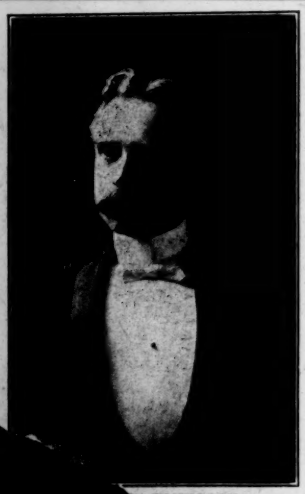

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THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW

FIFTH SERIES.—VOL. IX.—(XLIX)—JULY, 1913.—NO. 1.

THE IMAGINATION OF THE PREACHER.

THE INSULATED PULPIT.

A PREACHER was once delivering a sermon. There was no doubt of his earnestness. He was painfully earnest. His cheeks were hot; his eyes filled with tears; his voice faltered, and he almost broke down with the excess of his own tremendous efforts. Yet all the while he left his audience unthrilled. "He was insulated," as one of his hearers put it. He had an audience overcritical perhaps and more than ordinarily intellectual. A simpler congregation might have kindled at the sight of the flames even though they were beyond the radius of the heat. This incident, which may no doubt be typical of many, raises the interesting question whether earnestness and sincerity are sufficient to insure success in preaching. The speaker must be sincere and earnest; but is that enough? Must he not look to it that his warmth and energy leap over into the hearts before him? Even if he weep according to Horace's prescription, will he make others weep unless they are thrilled with the conviction that the occasion demands their tears? The mere spectacle of a weeping orator; the emphatic assertion that they too should weep, however earnestly proclaimed, these are not always adequate means to elicit tears. The speaker must not be insulated. If his words are not good conductors of his own passionate energy, he may succeed in concentrating attention upon himself and not upon his subject. Like an acrobatic fiddler who plays a sonata with one string while balancing himself on a wire, he himself is more interesting than his tune. He might

just as well be earnest in a foreign language, if his own language fails to translate his emotion. Let a speaker deliver in English with all conceivable sincerity and earnestness the thesis of St. Thomas on the intensity of Christ's sufferings in His Passion;[1] let him even strip the discussion of purely technical terms, and he will communicate some of his fire to those who listen, but not surely as much as does Newman in his sermon, "Mental Sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion." Newman's reasons are largely the same as those of St. Thomas, but his handling, of course, is different. It is the difference between science and art.

No preacher whether in his rôle as teacher or as apostle will rest content with a style or manner of presentation which will not reach his audience effectively. Even with one's best endeavors the resistance to one's force will in some minds and hearts be too great. So not until the orator has done his best to wing his thoughts with living energy for all, will he lay the flattering unction to his soul that certain sections at least will appreciate his efforts. No teacher worthy of the name will cater to parts only of his class. He tries to reach all even though he may feel that some may not be brought into contact with his message. No apostle will rest content with less than the ideal: "Yes, verily, their sound has gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the whole world." The preacher with the spirit of an apostle will not be satisfied with a way of preaching that reaches a few, when a little more zeal would carry his words to a wider circle. Tolerance should be the attitude of charitable critics who will suppose a man has done his best and is doing his best to make his apostolic teaching sweep the whole horizon of his audience. Tolerance would be no virtue but perhaps an encouragement to easy indifference if it should cause a preacher to congratulate himself on a thirty-fold harvest when some improvement in composition and delivery might realize for him a hundredfold. Premature tolerance has overloaded the pulpit with arrested mediocrities.

The problem of preaching would be very much simplified if it could be stated in the terms, "Be earnest." One wonders

[1] 3, 46, 6.

why we have not countless fine preachers when the course of oratory can be put in so brief a compass. What would such a precept signify if transferred to other arts? Give a man a hammer and a chisel with a block of marble and tell him, "Be powerful." Put him before a piano and say, "Be thrilling." Provide him with canvass and paints and earnestly exhort him to be masterful. Your Milton, I fear, will be mute and inglorious and will be buried with his poems unwritten. He is afire with lyrics and epics, but cannot stammer a line because he knows not how to practise his art. He is a dynamo without a live conducting wire.

Quintilian's formula for eloquence is often quoted: "Pectus est quod disertos facit." Not all who quote take care to look up what the rhetorician means. He is discussing the topic of ex-tempore speaking and remarks that those who are aroused by some powerful feeling, do not lack for words. When the passion cools down, the thoughts disappear and the words with them. "Therefore," says Quintilian, "we must conceive those pictures of things, which are called phantasms, and keep before our eyes and draw down into our hearts, everything of which we are to speak, persons, topics, hopes, fears. For it is the heart and energy of soul which makes speakers eloquent." The context not only furnishes us with an understanding of Quintilian's meaning, but tells us what he considered the best means of acquiring eloquence. That means is the imagination of the speaker. It is there the speaker must go to find an apt medium to transfer the warmth of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers. His words will flame with the earnestness he himself feels. His thoughts will leap from him, winged with force enough to reach the ear that waits to receive the message. If anyone can fill the hearers with pictures rather than words, with feelings as well as ideas, it will be he who does not merely understand his subject, but sees it, gets a vision of it, as Quintilian says. Even such may not always succeed in embodying their visions in their language but they are more likely to do so than others. The interesting speaker must have a good imagination.

A speaker cannot exhibit the things of which he speaks and usually has no representations or pictures of his topic. He cannot display to his audience a prodigal in a pig-sty or give

a moving-picture of the conversion of St. Paul. The speaker, however, can and does awaken these pictures in the imagination of those who listen to him. He keeps their "inward eye" as busy with views as he keeps their ears quivering with vibrations of sound. The speaker who makes people see things when he talks, has an imagination in the sense of which it is spoken of here. It is more to our purpose to define the faculty in this practical way by its effects than by appealing to psychology or metaphysics for a definition which would be more philosophical and more accurate but which would call for too much explanation to grasp in its fullness.

Active and Passive Imagination.

"It is a great mistake," writes Storrs in *Preaching without Notes,* quoting Choate, "to think anything too profound or rich for a popular audience. No train of thought is too deep, subtle or grand, but the manner of presenting it to their untutored minds should be peculiar. It should be presented in an anecdote or sparkling truism or telling illustration or stinging epithet; always in some concrete form, never in a logical abstract or syllogistic shape." This concrete presentation is another way of stating what is called here the speaker's imagination. The necessity of such a faculty no one will deny unless it be one who is frightened by the word imagination and conjures up as its appearance such unsubstantial things as dreams. But the speaker's imagination is not the passive faculty which fills the day with reveries and crowds the nights with a vast assortment of weird visions. If imagination meant dreaming, there would be no occasion for discussing its development. A quiet corner and a good meal and a leisure half-hour would fill the head with an endless succession of pictures, and for a more startling display by night recourse might be had to sundry well-known promoters of indigestion.

The imagination in the speaker which will arouse the audience, is an active and agressive faculty. It is under the control of the speaker and can be wielded at will. It differs from the imagination in its passive state, as a speaking or writing vocabulary differs from a reading vocabulary. Innumerable are the words we understand, and readily understand, when we turn over the pages of a book, but few of that

host respond to our call when we set ourselves to compose. It is easy to follow a novelist through all the scenes he presents; it is easy to follow the aimless wanderings of day-dreaming or night-dreaming, but it is something different to evoke such scenes at will in response to the needs of the speaker or writer. Then the "inward eye" seems stricken blind. It can dwell without difficulty on the moving-pictures supplied by others; it finds it very hard to summon up visions in its own mind. To be concrete, to leave the general and indefinite for the particular and definite, to illumine a subject by an apt illustration, to make a thought strike home with the help of a significant detail, make it attractive in a novel guise or make it vivid in a dramatic presentation, all these actions do not come easy; they demand a vigorous power on the part of the writer.

It is usual to recommend the reading of fiction as a means to develop the imagination. Undoubtedly fiction does help and will give some exercise to this useful faculty, yet fiction is not entirely satisfactory. It leaves the reader too passive and has not produced results at all proportionate to its use. The wide reading of fiction should have supplied us with an abundance of imaginative speakers, but we rather suffer from a dearth of them. Others have recommended poetry as a developer of the imagination, and much may be said in its favor. The poet is not diffuse; he is brief and suggestive, and the reader who would appreciate must be active and force his own imagination to see what the poet dimly yet pregnantly outlines. Again the poet feels compelled by his office to present his thoughts in an imaginative garb. Poetry is a new language, heightened and colored by its contents, more intense and more emotional than ordinary prose. The one who adopts the language of poetry feels compelled to make use of metaphor, simile, condensed description, and other means which bring visions to the readers.

If anyone has a prejudice against reading profane poetry or does not find its subjects attractive, he might have recourse to the poetry of the Bible, where together with sublime and holy thoughts available for the pulpit, he will find the use of the imagination in its most excellent form. From one point of view indeed Hebrew poetry offers the best opportunity for

developing the imaginative faculty. The speaker should have an imagination subdued to his control, responsive to his mastery. The concrete world should lay conquered at his feet and the created universe should be ready to rise promptly at his bidding. Now the Hebrew imagination, in its wide range and in its freedom and mastery of the world of sense, is certainly supreme among ancient literatures and has most largely opened the way for the bold and sublime flights of the modern imagination. Modern readers often fail to find sublimity in Homer where ancient critics rejoiced in it. They find pleasure in his fidelity to nature and his picture of man's life, but their acquaintance with the language and facts of revelation seems to render them less appreciative of Homer's sublimity which for the ancients was usually found in the movements and acts of the gods. The imagination of Homer and the Greeks, and the same is true of the Latins, was conditioned and restricted by their trivial and grotesque cosmogony. The waters could not rise higher than their source. Homer's imagination was hopelessly cramped by the narrow horizon which mythological traditions offered him. The battle of the gods and the shaking of Jove's ambrosial locks, the leaping of Neptune's chariot over the sea, the descent into Hades in the Odyssey, and other well-known passages, fall short of sublimity in our minds. In every case there are elements or circumstances of the description which keep it near the earth. The poet's imagination is clogged in its flight by the weight of the earth. His gods may be bigger than men; they are not other than men. Their actions, their abodes have a mathematical extension and increase; they do not rise above the limitations of matter. In most cases the deities of Homer are dwarfed in our view by his presentation. Neptune is not larger than the ocean over which he rides. The Sun-God loses his sublimity by being wroth over the loss of a herd of cattle and threatening to refuse to shine unless vengeance is taken on the famishing followers of Ulysses. The other gods dwarf themselves to birds and animals.

THE EMANCIPATED IMAGINATION.

How different with the Hebrew! The first chapter of Genesis effected the emancipation of the Hebrew imagination.

Longinus recognized the sublimity of the Bible story of creation. The stupendous words of God, "Let there be light," were not simply a revelation of the fact of creation; they revealed the power and magnificence of the Creator. He was not a larger man; He was a Being of a different order who flooded the universe with light by one word. That scene never left the imagination of the Hebrews. They began their writings on a plane infinitely above Greek or Latin or other pagans. Their horizon went beyond the farthest stars. They did not look up to but looked down upon creation because they saw it through the gaze of the Creator. "The whole world before thee is as a least grain in the balance and as a drop of the morning dew," says Wisdom; and the Psalmist cries, "In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundest the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou remainest; and all of them shall grow old like a garment; and as a vesture Thou shalt change them." "And all the hosts of the heavens," writes Isaias, "shall pine away and the heavens shall be folded together as a book; and all their host shall fall down as a leaf falleth from the vine and fig-tree." This coign of vantage over creation was never occupied by the pagan imagination. Pagans had no outlook which could dwarf the world to a dewdrop and cast aside the universe as a worn-out garment or roll it up like a manuscript.

What a sense of mastery such a position gave the Hebrews! It put them, it is true, far below God, but far above nature. They played with time and space. "If I take my wings," sings the Psalmist, "early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right-hand hold me." In the Book of Job, the power of God is set forth in a sublime fashion and with easeful mastery. The weakness of man is contrasted with the might of the Creator. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who laid the corner-stone thereof when the morning stars praised me together and all the sons of God made joyful melody? Who shut up the sea with doors . . . when I made a cloud the garment thereof and wrapt it in a mist in swaddling bands? I set my bounds around it and made it bars and doors; and I said: Hitherto

thou shalt come and shalt go no further and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves." Nothing perhaps so well illustrates the complete sway of the Hebrew imagination over the world as such a passage where the earth has a corner-stone and the sea swaddling bands and bars and doors. How insignificant man becomes! "Against a leaf that is carried away with the wind," cries Job to God, "Thou showest Thy power; Thou pursuest a dry straw." "Behold even the moon doth not shine, and the stars are not pure in His sight. How much less man that is rottenness and the son of man who is a worm." How mighty is God! "He stood and measured the earth," declares Habacuc. "He beheld and melted the nations, and the ancient mountains were crushed to pieces. The hills of the world were bowed down by the journeys of His eternity." His wisdom is marvelously delineated in Proverbs: "When He prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths; when He established the skies above and poised the fountains of water; when He compassed the sea with its bounds and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits; when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him forming all things and was delighted every day, playing before Him all times." His anger is magnificent in Wisdom: "And His zeal will take armor and He will arm the creature for the revenge of His enemies. He will put on justice as a breastplate and will take true judgment instead of a helmet. He will take equity for an invincible shield and He will sharpen His severe wrath for a spear, and the whole world shall fight with Him against the unwise. Then shafts of lightning shall go directly from the clouds, as from a bow well bent; they shall be shot out and shall fly to the mark."

A great deal of time has been given to this point, more than most readers perhaps will think necessary, but the numerous quotations can be amply justified, first because they show how the Hebrew imagination has subdued all matter to its mastery, elevated by Genesis to the outlook of the Creator; then next these many passages will help the speaker to win the same heights and attain the same control in his own imaginative work. Take the last passage quoted with its magnificent images, made possible by the viewpoint of Hebrew poetry.

Will not a speaker who has lifted himself aloft by means of such imaginings be able to hover above his own thought-world and make it serve him? Archimedes wanted a place to stand on in order with his lever to move the earth. The speaker schooled in poetry, especially Hebrew poetry, has such a place for his fulcrum. He is above matter; he contemplates it in the vast sweep of his commanding gaze; he sways it with his slightest touch and raises it to heights undreamt of by minds confined to earth.

Two Preachers not Insulated.

What a help all that will be to the orator when he is rearing the structure of his thought! Some time ago I heard two preachers and each of them stood outside of and above his ideas and built them up into a massive oratorical structure on great lines. Monsignor Benson, in speaking of the sixth word of our Lord from the Cross, described Calvary as the keystone of an arch one curve of which went back to creation and the other reached out through the centuries since Christ and sank into the darkness of the future. "Consummatum est" was the keystone which Christ put upon the completed work of our Redemption. The whole passage was magnificent and possessed an imaginative unity and grandeur of feeling which is not found in the printed version of the discourse. The speaker seemed to have built that arch in the glow of his imagination out of the materials which he had mastered and could manipulate as he desired. The other preacher who marshaled his thoughts in great masses as a general guides his army was Father Vaughan. The passage I refer to was in a lecture given in Carnegie Hall, New York City. The lecturer brought together as in a huge drama the conflicting philosophies of the day and their solutions of present evils. The scene opened in dramatic fashion with the iterated question to the watchman in Isaias: "Watchman, what of the night?" Pessimism, as one watchman, gave its answer. Then optimism gave its answer from the watch-tower. Their promises were rehearsed; their failure shown. "The morning cometh also the night." This part of the discussion was brought to a striking close by an epigram. "Optimism forgets the fall of man; pessimism forgets the redemption of

man." Then the speaker introduced another watchman of the tower of the Vatican. Pope Pius X, with his philosophy, "instaurare omnia in Christo". After explaining the application of the Christian solution to the world's evils, the lecturer concluded his drama by an eloquent apostrophe to the Crucifix. The whole passage was bound together in close dramatic unity although inattentive or less thoughtful listeners might forget the plot in the development of the details. At no time, however, did the speaker's grasp fail and he showed complete control of all the entrances and exits of the thought divisions, governing all like a stage director. If the study of Hebrew poetry with its royal sway and mastery of the universe can help every speaker to be such as Fr. Vaughan and Mgr. Benson, and to stand above their thoughts and group them and marshal them effectively, then such a study should form a part of every speaker's curriculum.

A speaker who can rise above his subject and contemplate it in all its ramifications is the one who can strike out from his imagination those novel presentations of thought which are to be found in great writers. By some they are technically called *fictiones*. They embrace such allegories as Addison usually resorted to or such methods for novelty and force which are found in Newman's "Second Spring", where he imagines his hearers viewing from another planet the disturbances at the establishment of the English Hierarchy, or where he represents Bishop Milner prophesying the first synod. The famous speech of the Russian in the "Present Position of Catholics" may be referred to the same category. The eloquent oath of Demosthenes is another example of an imaginative *fictio*. No speaker can hope to strike out these ingenious and effective methods without an imagination, and a complete mastery of the matter is an essential prerequisite. Hebrew poetry, especially the Psalms, have splendid instances of such pictures. Take the twenty-eighth Psalm. The whole world is transformed by the Psalmist into a huge temple where men are to bring sacrifice and offer adoration, a temple thrilling with the power and presence of God, for across the Temple's floor, which is here the land of Palestine, comes a thunder storm. That for the Psalmist is the "voice of the Lord", which sounds, first on the waters of the sea, then over the

cedars of Libanus, then over the desert and woods, and accompanied by the "flame of fire", reverberates and reëchoes in the cloud-built arches and blue vault of the world-wide Holy of Holies.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

Poughkeepsie, New York.

THE "FRIDAY WOMAN'S" MISSION AT BALLAUN.

WE called her the Friday woman, for she had made it a custom to come to us for her dinner on the fifth day of every week; and in course of time her right to the name of Mrs. Gillivan was almost forgotten. She was a tall old woman, and wore one of the big black cloaks that are no longer the fashion, except in Waterford and parts of Galway. It fell, I remember, in severe lines about her, shrouding the stains that besprinkled both her blue check apron and her red flannel petticoat. Her feet, hardened by much walking, were bare, but she always swathed her ankles in many-colored rags. The outlines of her face, once beautiful, but hardened now by exposure — and maybe by other things — were shaded by the frill of her cap which, though not spotless, was usually fairly clean; and in bad weather a small head shawl completed her attire.

She always came empty-handed to the door; but if anyone had gone down the avenue whilst she was eating her dinner, they would have found a bundle under the laurel bushes near the gate, with a small and lidded tin can beside it. These comprised, as far as I know, the Friday woman's earthly goods; at least they were all she brought with her on her rounds. "And what roof have I, saving only the roof of heaven?" was the sole reference I ever heard her make to a home.

I knew the reason for her homeless state; but there are things that must be ignored, and this was one of them. I also knew that, because of this reason, the poor Friday woman had, in practice at least, given up her religion for years. So it surprised me not a little when she spoke of the mission, lately given at Ballaun, as though she had taken part in it. The mission had closed on the previous Sunday, and since then

we had had almost incessant rain. The sun was struggling out for the first time, that day, as the Friday woman took her seat on the second of the three steps leading to the porch; and when her dinner was over I saw by the way she laid down her plate after wiping it carefully on a not over-clean apron, that she had no intention of taking her leave at once.

Sitting on the parapet of the terrace I made an uncomplimentary remark on the recent weather; but the Friday woman looked reproachful.

"Isn't it God's weather", she said in an apologetic tone; "though maybe it isn't His best," she added. "But last week! oh wasn't that the week! an' we having a mission over beyond in Ballaun."

"Yes, they had fine weather for the mission," I agreed; "and was the attendance good?"

"Good! you may say it was good. And, why wouldn't it be good, with the beautiful missioner we had in it. 'Tis thronged it was, no less."

I saw her hand go instinctively to the bosom of her ragged dress; but as her fingers touched the thing they sought, they fell again to her lap. I knew she was longing for her after-dinner smoke, but this was another thing to be ignored. Politeness bade us both be silent concerning the cherished clay pipe that, when not between her lips, lay close above her heart.

"'Twas the second day of the mission," she went on, "that I went into Corny Farrell's, looking for a light for my pi—, for an air of the fire, when who should come in, an' me sittin' there, but the missioner himself. A lovely man, God bless him! an' a beautiful father confessor. I'd had no idea to stop in the place, God forgive me; but the missioner—Father Angelus they called him—would have me stop, good, bad, or indifferent. You've heard, daughter, what's kept me back these years?" Her voice sank to a whisper, for this was the nearest approach to the ignored topic that had ever passed between us. I nodded a silent affirmative.

"'Twas the purpose of amindment," she went on, almost as though she were talking to herself, "the firm purpose of amindment. He kept on at me, howsomedever, till I got vexed like, an' God forgive me for that too. 'Amn't I old enough to mind me own soul?' says I."

"'You're not, then,' says he, sharp like. 'True, you are old enough an' near enough to death not to go tempting Providence this way. Where'll you go to, you misfortunate creature,' says he, 'an' you to die in your sins?'

"'I'm an old woman,' says I, an' me fairly riz, 'I'm an old woman, an' I likes a warm corner.' O cushla dear, I did say that to him. And with that he ups an' the two eyes of him went through me, for all the world like a pair of squewers.

"'A bad old man is bad enough,' says he, 'but a bad old woman is the very devil.' That's what he said, no less—'the very devil.' An' me sixty-seven years of age."

The ever useful apron that had lately performed the task of a dish cloth, was now called into use as a pocket handkerchief. Then suddenly she looked up at me.

"It's the grand father confessor he is, acushla," she said, "the grand father confessor, and me not next or nigh the Sacraments—God forgive me that same!—these sixteen years. Confession indeed I'd often had long ago, and contrition; but satisfaction—oh daughter dear, I'd never had such satisfaction before." She drew a long breath, and paused before continuing.

"'Twas night, and me finished, for wasn't it only right that the likes of me should go the last of all?"

"'Is there e'er a one in the chapel yet?' says he, and he leavin' the box.

"'Sorra one but meself, Father dear,' says I.

"'Who's that?' says he, for 'twas dark an' black, with nothing but the weenchy glimmer from the altar lamp above us, and the cloak was over me head and face. He riz it back with his hand, that tender, an' oh the beautiful words he says: 'It's you is it?' says he; 'go then, me child, me poor child,' says he, 'go and sin no more.'"

Once again the apron was called into use, and there was silence.

I should like to have heard something of the next morning, but so much was vouchsafed that I felt I could not ask for details that were not freely offered. I know the chapel at Ballaun, bare and benchless, with all but the sanctuary floored with mud. I have seen it on a Sunday morning, and

so can fancy what the crowd would be during a mission,—barely room to kneel, little air to breathe; yet filled with a patient, waiting throng, from the grey dusk of dawn—until Mass.

"What sort of priests were they who gave the mission?" I asked.

"The grandest kind," she answered, "and Father Angelus the grandest of any."

"I meant to ask what order he belonged to," I explained meekly. "Was he a Redemptorist—or a Passionist?"

"I'll tell you the kind he was," she replied. "The two feet of him was bare, and there was no hair on him, but he wears his full whisker."

The answer was explicit enough, for no one could fail to recognize a Capuchin, and I knew then that temperance had taken its full share in the mission time.

"I suppose the other missioner was the best preacher," I ventured to say; for I knew that favor is usually divided so at missions. If one missioner is sought after more in confession, the other is considered the better at preaching. But even this Mrs. Gillivan would not allow.

"Not at all," she said quickly, compassionating my ignorance. "He was good enough, I dare say; but he was only the second-best priest all round this time. Father Angelus, he was the great speaker. Oh, daughter dear, 'twould do your heart good to hear the sermon he gave on Hell."

"I think I'd rather hear him preach about Heaven," I said. "Wouldn't you sooner hear of God's mercy than His justice?"

"Wisha, haven't we His mercy with us every day," she replied contemptuous at my stupidity. "It's not the likes of us that needs to be put in mind of the mercy of God; for where would we be at all without it? But the fires of Hell! God help us! Don't we forget them in our sins?"

"Was it on the closing night Father Angelus preached on Hell?" I asked.

"Not at all," replied the Friday woman. "'Twas the other priest that spoke that night; but wait not till I tell you how Father Angelus had the fellows caught." She chuckled to herself at the remembrance, and once again her fingers sought her pipe.

"'Hold up your rosary beads,' says he—an' devil a man, but very few, had beadses with them to hold up. 'Is that all?' he says, and again he says it. Then 'hold up your pipes,' says he—and every hand of man or boy in all the throng was held up as he did, though not a know did they know the reason why he asked it. 'Shame,' says he, and you'd a heard a pin fall, only there wasn't room, acushla, in the throng, for even a pin to stir. 'Shame,' says he, in a still sort of voice. 'There's ne'er a one forgets his pipe, but the rosary beads that helped your fathers to keep their faith in God! troth! I suppose they're too heavy for the likes o' yous to carry.'

"I was most the last to get home of an evening, and there wasn't a beads left on the stalls, and me passing that night, though goin' in I'd seen them there in heaps."

"Was it last Sunday that the mission closed?" I asked her.

"Aye, but 't was the feast was the grand day," she replied. "I mind well; for the second-best priest had great things to tell us about the Saints. Didn't he tell how one of the poor gentlemen took a terrible fall, an' he ridin' a horse baste?"

"Which gentleman?" I asked, not understanding the sudden turn the conversation had taken.

"Well I disremember which one it was," she replied. "Whist now, but it was Saint Paul, for Saint Peter is the gentleman that has the locking of Heaven's gates. Didn't they lock him in jail himself too, the rascals; only between him and the angel they had them finely caught, after."

"I—I don't exactly remember about Saint Paul," I said, not wishing to appear too ignorant, yet anxious to extract a further résumé of the sermon.

"Didn't the horse go trip," explained the Friday woman, "and Paul got pitched, right on the top of his head, and when he got up he couldn't see a stim. So he got converted after, and became the great Saint entirely."

"And Saint Peter," I questioned; "won't you tell me what was said of him?"

"'Twas him they put in prison, away in foreign parts," she continued, quite eager to impart her information. "I couldn't tell you why, but I know he was tired, poor gentleman,

tired an' weary, and when he went for to take off him he fell asleep on the straw they'd left there in the prison. Well, after a time in comes an Angel. 'Peter!' says the Angel. 'Sorr!' says Peter, wakin' up. 'Put on your breeches, Peter,' says the Angel, 'and follow me.' And with that the two of them quits out, and away with them. And when the law rascals that had had him caught, came in, wasn't he gone from them, clean and clever."

She chuckled to herself over the discomfiture of St. Peter's captors.

"Wasn't that the grand trick to pay them," she said; and as she spoke I saw her feet appear below her ragged skirt, and I knew that our interview was drawing to a close.

"Well now, I've been keeping you," she said, "an' I'd best be movin' on".

I felt some word of congratulation was necessary, and I tried to say how truly glad I was of what she had told me about herself.

"I am sure you must feel very glad yourself, Mrs. Gillivan," I concluded. "And—and very happy now."

"It isn't happy, acushla," she explained. "There's two parts in me, and one is just Heaven in me heart. But the other—" she paused a minute and pulled back her cloak. "There's me pledge badge," she said. "Taken for life, an' with God's help I'll keep it. But there's only one way, daughter, and it's a terrible hard way for me, after seven and thirty years under the free air of God."

She saw I did not understand, and went on quietly.

"In summertime, with God's help, I'll keep temptation from me, but when the days is cold, and the nights are dark and long, and there is light and warmth where the whiskey is, daughter, I couldn't live without the drop that's brought me where I am to-day; so I promised Father Angelus, on the first of winter, to the poorhouse I'd go. God help me! The thought of it has me well nigh killed. 'I'd sooner die,' says I to him, 'I'd sooner die on the roadside, now the peace of God is on me.'"

"'You weighted down the cross of Christ,' says he; 'but you don't care now to lift it from Him, even though He'll pay you with a crown of glory in heaven.'"

"For sixteen years, that's what I am after doing, weighting down His cross, and think, daughter, think, He is after forgivin' me!"

Her face, on a level now with my own, was white and drawn.

"Sixteen years," she murmured, "if it's His will. Sixteen years to be spent in the poorhouse, just to pay Him what I can."

She shuddered even at the thought, and yet she faced it willingly, knowing that therein lay her hope of safety from offending God again. "It's a long while, daughter," she went on, "a long while. Sixteen years; an' me an old woman this minute. May be—I wouldn't be asking it of Him, but He is very good, and may be He will not be countin' every one."

I picked up her stick, and put it in her hand.

"God's good, acushla," she said. "God's good. And may He shower His blessings upon you this minute and forever."

ALICE DEASE.

HEALTH AND HOLINESS IN CONVENTS.

Some "Airy" Advice to Religious.

Health is a faithful ambassador.—Prov. 13:17.

An ounce of sanctity with exceptionally good health does more for the saving of souls than striking sanctity with an ounce of health.—ST. IGNATIUS.

Take care, then, of the body for the love of God, for many a time the body must serve the soul; and let recourse be had to some recreations, such as conversation and going out into the fields, as the confessor may direct.—ST. TERESA.

ACCORDING to the official Catholic Directory for 1913, there are in this country some two hundred and odd separate orders, congregations, and institutes of religious women; and their number is increasing from year to year. That the thousands of Sisters who constitute their membership are effective auxiliaries of the clergy in preserving, strengthening, and extending the faith throughout the Republic is a truism which needs no comment, and that anything intimately concerning the general welfare of these Sisters possesses an element of genuine interest to the readers of this periodical may accordingly be taken for granted. Arch-

bishops and bishops, as the jurisdictional superiors of these religious women; and ordinary priests as their chaplains, spiritual directors, confessors, pastors, or school superintendents, have indeed so many and such responsible relations with them that any apology for the appearance of the present paper in the pages of this REVIEW would seem to be superfluous.

Lest the title of the paper should suggest to the reader any erroneous ideas, let the writer disclaim at once any intention whatever of insinuating that the inmates of our convents have grown at all lax in the observance of their rule, or that their piety, zeal, fervor, or spirit of mortification needs any stimulating. On the contrary, the members of all the half-score or dozen sisterhoods of which he has any first-hand knowledge practise the Christian virtues, observe their vows, and follow the prescriptions of their rule with an exemplary fidelity which has frequently compelled his admiration and made him blush for his own shortcomings. The advice which, he thinks, may not inappositely be tendered to many, if not most, American convents, is a purely hygienic one: as a rule, our Sisters unduly neglect the care of their bodily health; more specifically, they do not take adequate exercise in the open air.

An examination of the mortality statistics of our religious communities of women will probably show that the longevity of Sisters is by no means so notable as one might reasonably expect to find it. A distinguished English physician, Sir James Crichton-Browne, has said that "every man is entitled to his century"; and, if we place any reliance on the United States Census Reports, we are justified in adding, "*a fortiori,* every woman." According to these reports, for every man in this country who has reached the age of ninety, there are two women equally old; and female outnumber male centenarians in a still higher ratio. Now, given the conditions that are universally conceded to make for longevity: the simple life or "plain living and high thinking", regularity as to meals and sleep, sensible dress, temperance, cheerfulness, contentedness of spirit, congenial companionship, etc., it would seem that Sisters should be exceptionally likely candidates for the attainment of extreme old age.

As a matter of statistical fact, relatively few of them reach four-score years, or even the traditional Biblical limit of three score and ten. In view of their numbers in this country—some fifty thousand—it is both surprising and lamentable that the occurrence of a Sister's Golden Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession, should be a comparative rarity, and a Diamond Jubilee, the seventy-fifth anniversary of profession day, a veritable phenomenon. It may sound somewhat extravagant in the statement, but it is probably verifiable in fact, that from thirty to forty per cent of American Sisters die before "their time comes", their death being of course, subjectively, entirely in conformity with God's will; but being, objectively, merely in accordance with God's *permission*, which is quite another matter. Now, long life is a blessing. As Spirago says: "It is a great boon, for the longer one lives, the more merits one can amass for eternity." So precious a boon is it that God promised it as a reward for keeping the fourth commandment, a fact of which St. Paul reminds the Ephesians (6: 2, 3): "Honor thy father and thy mother . . . that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest be long-lived upon earth." Accordingly, any procedure, any scheme of life, which contributes even indirectly to the shortening of one's days assuredly needs unusually strong reasons to justify it; and, with all due deference be it said, such procedure, negative if not positive, is not uncommon in our convents. Neglecting to take daily exercise out of doors may appear a small thing in youth or in early middle life, but there is nothing surer than that such neglect is seriously detrimental to health; and, exceptional cases apart, poor health is the correlative of a truncated career rather than of normal length of days.

Underlying this disregard of the open-air exercise which all physicians declare to be essential to bodily well-being, there is probably in the minds of many Sisters an inchoate, if not a fully developed, conviction that vigorous, robust health is more or less incompatible with genuine spirituality, that an occasional illness of a serious nature and a quasi-chronic indisposition at the best of times are after all quite congruous in professed seekers after religious perfection, incipient followers of the saints. That is a pernicious fallacy of which

their spiritual directors and confessors should strenuously endeavor to rid them. Ill-health directly willed by God is doubtless a blessing; but it is also an exception. In the ordinary course of God's Providence, men and women, in the cloister as in the world, are in duty bound to take such care of their bodies as will result in the greater efficiency of their minds and souls, and in an increasingly acceptable service of their whole being to their Heavenly Father. Health is to be sought for, not as an end, but as an excellent means, most frequently indeed an indispensable means, of attaining the true end of both religious and laity, holiness or sanctity.

The saints themselves thoroughly understood this truth, and their preaching frequently emphasizes it, even though the practice of some of them, in the matter of austerities and penances, does not apparently conform thereto. Apparently, for in many a case it was precisely the superb health of the saintly body that rendered the austerities and penances possible. Like the trained pugilists of the present day, those oldtime spiritual athletes could "stand punishment" to an extent that would permanently disable physical weaklings. It is to be remembered, also, that some of these unmerciful castigators of their bodies—St. Ignatius and St. Francis of Assisi, for instance—frankly avowed in their later years that they had overdone the business of chastising the flesh. St. Ignatius took good care to offset the influence of his Manresa example in this matter by making due provision, in his rule and his counsels to his religious, for proper heed to bodily health. Time and time again he gave, in varied phrase and amplified form, the advice stated in this, his general precept: "Let all those things be put away and carefully avoided that may injure, in any way whatsoever, the strength of the body and its powers."

Since sanctity is, after all, only sublimated common sense, it is not surprising to find other saintly founders, reformers, and spiritual directors of religious orders giving the same judicious counsel. "If the health is ruined, how is the rule to be observed?" pertinently asks St. Teresa. Writing to some of her nuns who were inclined to follow their own ideas in the matter of prayer and penance, the same great Carmelite advises: "Never forget that mortification should serve for

spiritual advancement only. Sleep well, eat well. It is infinitely more pleasing to God to see a convent of quiet and healthy Sisters who do what they are told than a mob of hysterical young women who fancy themselves privileged . . . " " Govern the body by fasts and abstinence *as far as health permits*," says the Dominican rule. " I have seen," writes St. Catherine of Siena, " many penitential devotees who lacked patience and obedience because they studied to kill their bodies and not their self-will." To every religious order and its members may well be applied the words of a Jesuit General, Father Piccolomini, to his own subjects: " It may be said that an unhealthy religious bears much the same relation to the order of which he is a member as a badly knit or dislocated bone does to the physical body. For just as a bodily member, when thus affected, not only cannot perform its own proper functions, but even interferes with the full efficiency of the other parts, so when a religious has not the requisite health, his own usefulness is lost and he seriously interferes with the usefulness of others."

Were further testimony needed to expose the fallacy that health is something to be slighted, rather than cultivated, by a fervent nun, it could be furnished in superabundance. " Health," says Cardinal Newman, " is a good in itself, though nothing came of it, and is especially worth seeking and cherishing." In 1897, Pope Pius X, then Cardinal Sarto, reported to Rome concerning his seminary in Venice: " It is my wish, in a word, to watch the progress of my young men both in piety and in learning; but I do not attach less importance to their health, on which depends in a great measure the exercise of their ministry later on." A distinguished director of souls in our own times, the late Archbishop Porter, favored one of his spiritual children, a nun, with the following sane advice: "As for evil thoughts, I have so uniformly remarked in your case that they are dependent upon your state of health, that I say without hesitation: begin a course of Vichy and Carlsbad . . . Better far to eat meat on Friday than to be at war with every one about us. I fear much you do not take enough food and rest. You stand in need of both, and it is not wise to starve yourself into misery. Jealousy and all similar passions become intensified when the body is

weak. . . Your account of your spiritual condition is not very brilliant; still you must not lose courage. Much of your present suffering comes, I fear, from past recklessness in the matter of health." This is merely repeating in other words what St. Francis of Sales, three centuries before Archbishop Porter, wrote to a nun of his time: "Preserve your physical strength to serve God with in spiritual exercises, which we are often obliged to give up when we have indiscreetly overworked ourselves."

Enough of theory; what about practice? In the present writer's opinion, the practice in all convents should be that every Sister not incapacitated by illness or infirmity should take outdoor exercise of some kind for an hour or two daily. Sisters who are "on their feet all day" in the kitchen, the laundry, the clothes-room, the hospital ward, the infirmary, or "all over the house" as portresses, ought to have at least a half-hour in the morning and another half-hour in the afternoon or evening out in the open, where they can breathe unvitiated air and promote the oxygenation of their blood. As for teachers and others engaged in sedentary occupations, whether in the sewing-room, the library, or the office, a full hour in the forenoon and another in the afternoon can hardly be considered extravagant concessions to their necessary energizing and recuperation. "What!" exclaims some scandalized Superioress, "lose two hours a day, or even one, when there is so much work to be done? The *idea* of wasting so much time!" Pardon, Reverend Mother; the time, so far from being wasted, would be most profitably employed,—yes, and could easily be spent fully as meritoriously as the period given to meditation, spiritual reading, or even a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The individual Sister who pleads lack of time for even an hour a day of outdoor exercise is speaking either absolutely or relatively. If absolutely, if her "obedience", the aggregate of her assigned duties, is so onerous that she really has no time left after its accomplishment and the performance of her spiritual exercises, then the misfortune is hers and the fault is her Superior's. And fault there undoubtedly is. There can scarcely be found a more graphic instance of the "penny wise, pound foolish" policy, a more irreparable kind

of false economy than to lessen the efficiency, undermine the health, and ultimately shorten the life of a religious subject by overloading her with work, mental or manual. The inevitable result is periodical illness, prostration, collapse; and an all too common consequence is a sojourn in the hospital for a surgical operation, or several operations, a protracted invalidism, and finally the death at thirty-five, forty, or fifty, of a woman who should be rendering effective service to her community for a quarter or a third of a century longer. Apart from any consideration of economy, such supposititious action on the part of a Superior might readily involve a question of justice. The parents who send their daughters to a convent boarding-school, and the pastors who engage Sisters for their parish schools, have a quasi-right to the full efficiency of the teachers, and if the latter are overtaxed, such efficiency is normally impossible.

In all probability, however, the case supposed rarely if ever occurs, unless in an emergency and for a brief period. Our individual Sister is very likely speaking only in a relative sense. Her statement that she lacks time for exercise may well be slightly hyperbolical. The average nun, like the average religious or secular priest, can usually find, or make, time for what she believes to be genuinely worth while. Hence her failure to safeguard her health by taking judicious outdoor exercise is doubtless not her Superior's fault, but her own. That she does not recognize the existence of any fault in the matter is probable enough; as likely as not she considers that her abstention from physical exercise in order to give additional time to supererogatory work or prayer is merely a manifestation of laudable zeal. Of Sisters of this stamp let the writer say with St. Paul: "I bear them witness that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

As to the kind of outdoor recreation that will best subserve the preservation or the restoration of Sisters' health, comparatively little need be said. The mere breathing of the fresh air after being cooped up for hours in class-room or office is a blessing, even if the lungs are the only organs exercised; but exertion of the limbs and the various sets of muscles is of course strongly advisable. Gardening is a species of manual labor generally considered not unfit for even the dain-

tiest and most cultured ladies, so the cultivation of flowers at least (supposing vegetables to be eschewed) might, wherever possible, congruously occupy some portion of a Sister's leisure. The community cemetery, to which among all graveyards may surely be given with most propriety the beautiful German name, "God's Acre," supplies another field for health-giving physical activities. In looking after the orderly trimness of walks and alleys, in planting and pruning young trees and shrubs, and in embellishing the graves themselves with living blooms, our Sisters would be both improving their own health and accomplishing a loving duty toward their departed companions and friends. Of outdoor games in which religious women might indulge with no suggestion of impropriety, croquet yields a certain amount of gentle exertion and may be safely commended to even the most fragile and delicate.

The best exercise, however, for Sisters (as for all other people) is the simple, easy, inexpensive, natural one—walking. Says an English physician: "Walking as an exercise is without question the least injurious and can be made the most universally beneficial of all outdoor sports. It is suitable for all ages. It is within the reach of the poor as well as the rich, and it can be graded to the physical ability of the most delicate or prescribed so as to tax the utmost capacity of endurance in the strongest." An American medical author, Dr. Kintzing, is more specific. He states that women of medium stature and ordinary strength need to walk daily from four to six miles. And he adds: "I can not too strongly urge upon women the value of a daily promenade in the open air. The returns in retained vigor, youthfulness, brilliancy of complexion (sic), and robust health repay the exertion a hundred-fold. Spasmodic essays do not suffice. One day overdoing, omitting several, housed up in bad weather, discouraged by inconveniences, are ineffectual. When one is properly dressed and properly shod, the tramp soon becomes a pleasure anticipated rather than a task."

That last phrase, "rather than a task" suggests a reflection which it may be worth while to express. Should there chance to be any middle-aged Sisters afflicted, as are a good many middle-aged priests, with undue obesity, about as profitable and meritorious a form of mortification as they can take up

is the reduction of their weight to the normal figure by means of judicious walking and dieting. As it is generally admitted that we all eat about a third too much, a degree of abstinence that will sensibly mortify the appetite may be practised without the slightest injury, nay, with positive benefit, to health and strength. As is well said in the preface to Francis Thompson's *Health and Holiness:* "The laws of perfect hygiene, the culture of the 'sound body', not for its own sake, but as the pliant, durable instrument of the soul, are found more and more to demand such a degree of persevering self-restraint and self-resistance as constitutes an ascesis, a mortification, no less severe than that enjoined by the most rigorous masters of the spiritual life." Supernaturalized as it surely would be by the purity of intention so characteristic of Sisters, such mortification would be not less a spiritual asset than a physical boon.

May it not be hoped that such of the clergy as come into contact with these self-sacrificing daughters of religion, and more particularly those clerics who preach their annual retreats, will exert their influence in the direction indicated in this paper? It will be entirely safe to assure the Sisters that they cannot do better for the Church, their community, and themselves than follow the advice of St. Teresa to her nuns: "Take care of the body for the love of God."

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THE POETRY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.

NOT without some misgiving I find myself about to introduce to my brethren of the sanctuary a writer whose welcome may not be quite assured. He is not unknown in other and very select circles, but I have no means of making a secure estimate how far his fame may have penetrated the still more select society of my present readers. Many priests in touch with the movement of English letters will have read his works, and the voluminous reviews, in many cases, from the best judges of our time, must have reached, in some form or other, nearly every presbytery in the English-speaking world. He is not a stranger in the city; I may safely assume

so much. Many who have heard a little of his gift and color may wish to know more. He has awakened so much of comment and, for the most part, of appreciative praise, that he is rapidly reaching a position which commands attention, and hence, even those who have heard nothing good or bad of him hitherto may not be quite indisposed to make his acquaintance, especially as any further intercourse with this stranger will rest entirely with themselves. I do not know if the fact that Francis Thompson is a poet will, at once, serve to secure him a ready welcome.

The work and training of priests lie largely in other directions than those that lead to the quick and urgent sense of purely literary qualities; the hard fare of scholastic philosophy prepares a man for sterner exercises than those we associate with the *strenua inertia* of the dilettante; and the hard routine of pastoral life hardly lends itself to the studies that bring a man to read a poem with all the alert intelligence of its contents and technique that is absolutely required to rightly read it if it is worthy to be read at all.

Although I put the point in this way, yet I do not quite accept that view. I believe that the clergy are by training and temperament the most likely of all the Catholic body to appreciate such fine work. Their professional studies must rest on a firm basis of humanistic reading. The secondary education almost invariably given in our colleges deals directly and continuously with classic authors; the ideals of style as seen in the best Latin and Greek writers are brought home to them by direct intercourse with their best work, and this relation with the aristocracy of letters is never completely broken off. No doubt, once the formal clerical training begins there is a direct break in this close touch with literature, as such, but the entire scheme of a seminarian's life drives him back on books in the moments of relief and leisure.

The adverse opinion that obtains concerning us in this relation, is due, I venture to say, to the few names that emerge from our ranks as doers and workers in this domain of mental activity. But this hardly proves that we cannot appreciate good literary work when we see it. From the fact of our comparatively small literary output nothing can be said to

logically follow; to affirm that we are wanting in the sense of letters because our pens are not dripping with sonnets and our desks loaded with acute critical essays is to run the risk of falling into the worst fallacy that can vitiate a syllogism, and it puts a false measure into the scales of thought. People sometimes forget that mental strength has other issues than the point of a pen; a man's culture can be as clearly seen in his running speech as in the full cistern of a big book; a priest's sense of life may be seen in the hidden ministry of souls, and the right poise of word and gesture in dealing with the sick and lowly may be a more direct outcome of a fine temperament than the subtlest verse or the genius for epigram that is the crowning distinction of prose. In the spirit of this conviction I proceed to place before my readers a short inquiry into the merits of Francis Thompson as a poet, with the hope that it may gain him new friends in the New World and spread what I believe to be the beneficent influence of his work.

The details of his life in so far as they serve my purpose may be stated in a very few words. He was born in 1859, at Preston in Lancashire, of Catholic parents. He passed seven years in Ushaw College. His reading was wide and enabled him to distinguish himself in his entrance examination at Owen's Medical College, Manchester. His health was poor and grew worse under his own treatment. He left college and became an outcast, losing all touch with his own class and living by a series of makeshifts; he touched the confines of the country where Chatterton died, and may be said to have drained the cup of sorrow to the very lees. The only one who holds the secrets of these years has preserved a very beautiful reticence concerning the details of these days of sordid misery. The memory of them shoots through his poems, flashes of realistic phrase that paint sorrow from the model he so well knew. His years of touch with want and, perhaps, many other gloomy sides of life, seem to have left him without bitterness or anger; his sense of his gifts never passed into his conduct; from what we are allowed to know of his *vie intime* he would appear to have been a truly gentle poet and gentle man; kindly to sinners, yet he loved most the innocence of children; in long league with the drabbest aspect

of things, he yet loved the beauty of nature and all the solemn setting of the glorious liturgy of the Church. His work and achievement are in direct opposition to the life he lived; he crushed the bitter berries of such a life as his into the richest wine of religious song; from the dregs and squeezings of adverse circumstance he distils the subtlest thought and the most distinguished phrase that our generation has hitherto known.

Any attempt to explain Thompson in the terms of accepted criticism must fail. If we apply to his case the formula of Taine—race, *milieu*, moment—we shall have results the direct opposite to the facts of his career. These three words of the key to literary mystery open immediately the secret of Chatterton, Keats, Savage, and Mangan, three types of temperament that seem to approach that of Thompson; their best work has upon its face the marks of the road they walked, their speech betrays the sad world they came from. Of some of Thompson's poems Coventry Patmore says: "Laura might be proud of them." Fancy Petrarch walking Oxford Street by night:

> Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
> I had endured through watches of the dark
> The abashless inquisition of each star;
> Yea, was the outcast mark
> Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny.

And this is the strange antinomy of this poet of our own time. If ever a *milieu* should have depressed a soul to the vulgar things of life that life should be Francis Thompson's.

Then, again, he came from the heart of England whose entire soul had been detached from Catholic ideals for long centuries. Letters, morals, politics, social life, all had been violently wrenched from the keeping of the Church, until even the language itself could scarcely adapt itself to the message of our schools or our sanctuaries. Yet this same competent critic tells us that "the main region of Mr. Thompson's poetry is the inexhaustible and hitherto almost unworked mine of Catholic philosophy."

It is quite impossible to explain the peculiar contents of this writer by any appeal to race or *milieu;* the problem grows more complex when placed in this light; let us see if the

"moment" is a better point of vantage. This further fails; the race and *milieu* had fixed the outlines of the "moment"; time is only the "measure of motion", and the movement of life and character in Thompson's period is just as the work of the past had determined. In a moment when men were moving on the plain of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and Browning and George Eliot, Thompson turned his face to the mysteries of our faith and sang of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Blessed Virgin, of penitence and adoration and divine love!

This short analysis of Thompson may awaken the desire of knowing something of his work, and I may now proceed to trace its salient outline.

I select as my first specimen of Thompson's work the poem "Any Saint".[1] Its form is directly copied from Crashaw, but its matter and message come straight from the breast and personal temper of its author. He is engaged in the special work of his genius; God and the soul,—the Divine Mercy lavishing His favor on the poor human spirit, comforting, lifting, forgiving. He treats of this mystic theme with an abundance of metaphor and a *hardiesse* of speech that at times surprises the reader so much as it illustrates the theme. There is an autobiographical element running through the piece that makes it a human document in intense interest. He opens with the note of humbleness so becoming in him and in any would-be Saint.

His shoulder did I hold
Too high that I, o'erbold
Weak one,
Should lean thereon.

But He a little hath
Declined His stately path
And my
Feet set more high;

That the slack arm may reach
His shoulder, and faint speech
Stir
His unwithering hair.

[1] *New Poems*, page 58. This and all Thompson's works are published by Burns & Oates, London.

This is altogether of the poet's manner; the divine is understood through the human, and the accompaniments of natural relations are transferred without any note of apology to the ineffable communion of God's spirit with ours.

The movement of the poet's car as he proceeds on his way makes one giddy with the effort of grasping his thought. He disclaims his right to the divine love; he wishes it given not to *this* man but to the race of men:

Not to me, not to me,
Builded so flawfully,
O God,
Thy humbling laud!

Not to this man, but Man,—
Universe in a span;
Point
Of the spheres conjoint;

In whom eternally
Thou, Light, dost focus Thee!—
Didst pave
The way o' the wave,

Rivet with stars the Heaven,
For causeways to Thy driven
Car
In its coming far

Unto him, only him;
In Thy deific whim
Didst bound
Thy works' great round

In this small ring of flesh;
The sky's gold-knotted mesh
Thy wrist
Did only twist

To take him in that net.—
Man! swinging-wicket set
Between
The Unseen and Seen.

My readers will by this have perceived that we are in the presence of a new power both in thought and word. A

slow reading of any one of these stanzas will show a power of imagination and an affluence of speech rarely met with in any literature. It appeals in a special way to those who look upon man through the eyes of the Scholastics; this will become clearer as we continue the reading a little farther:

Lo, God's two worlds immense,
Of spirit and of sense,
Wed
In this narrow bed;

Yea, and the midge's hymn
Answers the seraphim
Athwart
Thy body's court!

In this sparkling cascade of words the waters are heavy with the solid teaching of our text-books:

Great arm-fellow of God!
To the ancestral clod
Kin,
And to cherubin;

Primer where the angels all
God's grammar spell in small,
Nor spell
The highest too well.

I need not stay to mark how this poetry sets a scholar thinking. The hard phrase of our class-books is so sweetened and softened by the poetic process that one doubts if it is, *au fond*, the same. The poem ends with two stanzas which resume all the high and low of man's destiny in a synthesis of fine illustrative quality:

Stoop, stoop; for thou dost fear
The nettle's wrathful spear,
So slight
Art thou of might!

Rise; for Heaven hath no frown
When thou to thee pluck'st down,
Strong clod!
The neck of God.

This poem has a great significance inasmuch as it shows that a religious theme may be made the pivot on which the fullest and finest poetry may securely rest. This was denied in a famous passage in Johnson's lives of the poets [2] where he lays down with all his power of diction that: "Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical". This has always struck me as a very questionable canon, and, for once, the clear mind of the great critic seems to have fallen into some confusion of thought. The reasons he gives for his opinion seem strange and inconclusive. He writes: "Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer." It is clear that whatever may be the ecstasy of devotional moments their rapture is fully felt in human faculties and is accompanied by emotions that can be transcribed by a competent pen. The sense of God's greatness in us adds nothing to His Divine Essence, but, surely, the vividness of such verses as Thompson's affects us with a new feeling of our nothingness in His sight:

a thing
Of whim and wavering;
Free
When His wings pen thee;

So fully blest, to feel
God whistle thee at heel:

To say that from such words we do not obtain the enlargement of comprehension and the elevation of fancy is to urge us to deny the truth of very primary emotions. Poetry is man's tribute to the beautiful and the true; and our concepts of the Supreme Being, while they cannot "amplify His infinity nor improve His perfection", may, when fitly expressed by a great poet, quicken our admiration for His attributes, and, at the same time, give us the intellectual joy of hearing these high themes beautifully sung.

It would be interesting to hear Dr. Johnson's opinion of religious poetry if he had met in his reading such a poem as

[2] *Life of Waller.*

Thompson's "Hound of Heaven".[3] In the passage cited above he had marked Repentance by name as one of the religious subjects with which a poet could not successfully deal in his work. "Repentance," he writes, "trembling in the presence of the Judge is not at leisure for cadences and epithets." Our poet has shown the futility of such sweeping generalizations by singing of religious sorrow with a power of cadence and a wassail of images that, at once, struck the literary world with wonder and astonishment. The direct argument of this great ode is the soul-attitude of the sinner fleeing from the love of Christ, and pursued by divine grace with every compelling reason for a return to the service of God. One critic says of it: "It fingers all the stops of the spirit, and we hear now a thrilling, now a dolorous note of doom, and now the quiring of the spheres, and now the very pipes of Pan." It must be read and read again and again in order that its power and beauty may be fully felt. The tremendous speed and terror of the soul's flight from God is rendered with a realistic force that excites one in the mere reading of it:

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

Here are cadences indeed and epithets enough!

Then he turned to all the charm and beauty of nature, and sought therein his place of rest; in vain:

[3] *Selected Poems*, page 51.

I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the dead day's sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.

And then he hears anew the rush of the Hound of Heaven:

And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

In vain he seeks happiness outside God; all things break in use:

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

This epic of the soul ends in union with Him who so mercifully pursued his heart:

Rise, clasp My hand and come!

This great ode was greeted with a cry of wonder by the masters of contemporary criticism; the tribute to its power could not be withheld. In no other place in English has the subtle psychology of conversion been stated in such a luminous and majestic fashion. This poem secured Thompson a place among the masters of all time.

When Thompson turns to the mysteries of our faith he invests them with a new and radiant evidence reflected from the phenomena of nature. His poems deal mostly with the dogmas of the Church in their indirect relations with neutral

themes. They in his hands come to us clothed with all the suggestiveness of spiritual things which it is the poet's mission to discover and disclose. Coventry Patmore notes this with great acuteness: "Not but that he knows better than to make his religion the direct subject of any of his poems, unless it present itself to him as a human passion". This makes the peculiar appeal of our poet's best work; he finds Christian truth, and Catholic truth interfused with all things, and he is able to find confirmation of its message writ into the entire texture of the world of sense. This appears at its best in such poems as the Orient Ode[4] where the allusions to the sacramental analogies give a strangely new strength to our beliefs. The method of the argument is of the subtlest; he *confirms* the intuitions of sense by the fact that they fit into the system of ritual worship which he assumes to be the underlying fact of his consciousness:

> Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
> Day, a dedicated priest
> In all his robes pontifical exprest,
> Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
> From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
> Yon orbèd sacrament confest
> Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.

When Dr. Johnson wrote that "faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations", he had not before his eyes such uses of the imagination as are evident in passages like this. When Thompson proceeds to write of the sun:

> God has given thee visible thunders
> To utter thine apocalypse of wonders,
> And what want I of prophecy,
> That at the sounding from thy station
> Of thy flagrant trumpet, see
> The seals that melt, the open revelation?

he reveals the "smouldering care of mystery" that beats within the bosom of even material things. The weaving of the name of Christ into the texture of nature gives phenomenal

[4] *New Poems*, page 26.

life a new meaning. If we should walk the earth in the light of such poetry, every smallest object becomes a sacrament of the unseen; if we had this singer's gift we should have everywhere

> The heavenly harping harmony,
> Melodious, sealed, inaudible,
> Which makes the dulcet psalter of the world's desire.

Thompson sang of nearly every human interest; of men and women and children; of nature in all her moods; of life with all its shining and shadow; but in all these movements of his mind the spirit of Catholic thought hovered over him, the strong grip of Catholic doctrine kept him on his feet,—up to the level of his vocation. He writes of himself: [5]

> From almost earliest youth
> I raised the lids o' the truth,
> And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight.

His writings prove how really this is so. On points where it is easy to err, he sees straight through the dry light of Catholic philosophy. For instance what could be better than this:

> What think we of thy soul?
> Which has no parts, and cannot grow,
> Unfurled not from an embryo;
> Born of full stature, lineal to control;
> And yet a pigmy's yoke must undergo.
> Yet must keep pace and tarry, patient, kind,
> With its unwilling scholar, the dull, tardy mind;
> Must be obsequious to the body's powers,
> Whose low hands mete its paths, set ope and close its ways;
> Must do obeisance to the days,
> And wait the little pleasure of the hours;
> Yes, ripe for kingship, yet must be
> Captive in statuted minority!

This transforms into a new splendor the cold and plain outline of many a hard lecture we have heard. Only a Catholic poet could make the change, and he should be a fine thinker to state so firmly the subtle philosophy that runs through these lines.

[5] Poet and Anchorite, *Selected Poems*, page 20.

He sang beautifully too of the Virgin Mother and the Saints; they were the companions of his daily life and he lived in familiar converse with them. Of course I cannot quote here a tithe of the lines that strike me as finely done; but readers of his poems will find many that tell of the heroes of the faith with a distinction of thought and style quite unique. There is one on St. Monica that catches the refrain of the Breviary office in her honor in a way that further proves how intimate were the relations between Thompson's mind and the spirit of the liturgy. In the third stanza of this lovely poem he writes: [6]

> The floods lift up, lift up their voice,
> With a many-watered noise!
> Down the centuries fall those sweet
> Sobbing waters to our feet,
> And our laden air still keeps
> Murmur of a Saint that weeps.

And concludes with these lines:

> Teach us but, to grace our prayers,
> Such divinity of tears,—
> Earth should be lustrate again
> With contrition of that rain.

This is a sample of the happy strength pervading every line Thompson wrote; metaphors glint in every line, but they are finely chased and of the purest water.

Such is a brief survey of the work of a poet whom I now present to my fellow-priests as one worthy of their friendship and who may be safely admitted into the sanctuary of their homes. He has other credentials than this little card of mine. He has certainly deserved well of Catholic letters; he is our greatest modern singer, at least in English, and his fame grows to such a degree that we can hardly afford to be outside the circles that appreciate him. He loved the Church as few have loved her, and he put her truth and beauty in a casket not unworthy to hold such treasures. No writer can exhaust the wealth of the Apologetics of the Church; her doctrine and its evidences will exercise the genius of her

[6] *Selected Poems*, St. Monica, page 127.

children until the end comes to her, as to all institutions whose purpose deals with things whose figure shall pass away. Of Thompson we can safely say that within the limits of his calling he did his part; he has unfolded, in a high poetic fashion:[7]

A little new of the ever old
A little told of the never told,
Added act of the never done.

A. W.

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN AND HIS AUGUSTINIAN FARM.

THE enthusiasm of the critics, culminating in the raptures of the great Menéndez y Pelayo, over the mastery with which Fray Luis de León naturalized the spirit of Horace in Castilian literature, has in a measure caused them to underestimate the influence of Virgil upon this master of the Salamancan poets. Although a Spanish version of the Æneid is no longer considered the work of his pen, we possess in his translations of the Georgics, and Eclogues, masterpieces typical of the formative period of the Spanish Renaissance, and of the greatest importance to the student who wishes to trace the development of the sense of nature among the Latin peoples of to-day.

"We find in the *De Rerum Naturae* of Lucretius," as Mr. T. R. Glover remarks in his *Virgil*,[1] "close and brilliant observation of nature . . . with the instinct of the man of science, he links together what he sees, and makes one thing illustrate another, as he expounds some general principle. . . . Virgil is not so spontaneous an observer, but he too observes with care and precision. . . . Virgil watches nature because it is nature and because it is Italian nature and every fresh discovery makes Italy dearer to him." To Horace, his contemporary, the fields and pastures represented pleasure, a gracious change from the pressing cares of city life, a solace for disappointed hopes, a restoration of exhausted forces, and a refuge from the envy and tyranny of the ambitious. In Tibullus and Propertius we find a growing note of tenderness for the home-land. Italy sounds again in

[7] *Sight and Insight, New Poems*, page 38.

[1] New York, 1912, p. 116.

the "*O pastori felici*" of Bernardo Tasso (1493-1569) which in parts might well be the work of Fray Luis himself. Contemporary with our Spanish poet, the French "Pleiade" was in full effulgence; Ronsard (1524-85) was singing "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose" and playing with Hadrian's "Animula, vagula" to the Lilliputian tune of "Amelette, Ronsardalette"; Joachim Du Bellay (1525-60) was making chanson and sonnet on the joys of "The Thresher" after Navigero, the glories and chagrins of Rome, and the charms of his Marguerite; Remi Belleau (1528-77) chanted of his shepherds, and the wise, earth-born cigala, and

> April, the grace and the smile
> Of the Cyprian.

Never perhaps in the history of poetry has the essential beauty of the world been felt so sensitively or sung with so much sweetness as by these northern contemporaries, but it would be hazardous to declare that their poems reached Fray Luis in his earlier years. His debt to the moderns seems confined entirely to the Italians; Dante's "Tanto gentile" becomes the framework of his sonnet "Agora con la aurora"; his "Imitacion de Diversos" and the "Aquel amor" show reminiscences of Bembo; Petrarch is the inspiration of the "Mi trabajoso dia"; and Della Casa is paraphrased in the "Ardí y no solamente". For the rest, Fray Luis is indebted in his translated work only to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latins; from the Old Testament originals he rendered the Psalms and the last chapter of Proverbs, selected chapters of Job, and the Song of Solomon both in prose and metre. Pindar, Aristotle, and the Odyssey represent the Greeks among his translated poems, although he seems to have had a wider acquaintance with Hellenic letters than these few versions indicate. In Homer, as in most of the Greeks, he could find more attention given to the sea than to the land; although the Iliad and Odyssey show little concern with scenery of any kind. Even in later centuries when Phædrus expressed surprise that Socrates should appear so unfamiliar with the country outside Athens, the master excused himself saying that "country-places and trees will teach him nothing". It is in Theocritus, Meleager, and their imitators that we find the application of

Horace's flout about the "purple patch"; but we are yet far away from another extreme in which, as Wordsworth tells us,

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

"Such a proposition," notes Viscount Morley in his introduction to Wordsworth, "cannot seriously be taken as more than a playful sally for the benefit of some bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good."

It remains the sublime glory of Fray Luis de León to have been the first to discover in nature—in the landscape of Castile—that divine impress to which centuries later Wordsworth gave voice in his "Intimations of Immortality". "Est Deus in nobis," said the pagan poet; the soil is holy, "since God pervades all earth," as Virgil says, "the reaches of the sea, and the deeps of heaven"; but nature remains ever but earth and sky and water, and God only becomes part of them and of the ancestral memories of man. In Fray Luis the lesson of nature is more sublime; its beauty is the mere imprint of its Maker; the poet of Salamanca does not attempt to "draw an angel down"; he sees in the text of the world a supreme mission to "raise a mortal to the skies".

The stark mountains of Judea, the flowery fields of Galilee, gave Renan, as he tells us, a new picture of Jesus; one must visit the hills and towns of Umbria before concluding with the life and mission of Saint Francis of Assisi; to know the Lake Poets one must have walked along the River Duddon; we read the full lesson of America only after seeing the Great Lakes and the Grand Cañon as well as the Andes and the stretches of the Amazon. Without a concrete vision of Salamanca, her heights and plains, without a sojourn along the banks of her Tormes and days of meditation at the old Augustinian grange of the Flecha, one must always lack something of the complete sense of Fray Luis's poems of nature, and retirement, and of Spanish mystical life.

There was little to prepare Fray Luis for his rare mission as the poet of mystical nature; before the middle of the six-

teenth century Spanish painters had given no concern to the subtleties of their home landscape; as Don Miguel de Unamuno, the present-day Rector of the University of Salamanca, observes in his *Paisajes*,[2] the sentiment of nature, of comparatively modern development elsewhere, was in Spain still more retarded because her people, shut up within cities and walls, were forced to regard the country as a place of labor and exposure to enemies, and for eight centuries of conflict had found little leisure to regard nature "with eyes of peace and calmness. Is not the sense of nature, after all is said, a Christian sentiment?"

"But if the land of Castile be not expressed," he continues, "it may at least be sensed in its silent ardor in the background of much of her primitive literature; yet it is only in Fray Luis that it reaches self-revelation in illuminative force." "Even if we should come upon a source for every one of the verses of Fray Luis de León," declared Menéndez y Pelayo in his Discourse before the Spanish Academy, "there would always remain for us the purest essence, which defies analysis, simply because the poet has come to feel, to live all that he has borrowed from his models, feeling it in such a way as to make it his own and animate it with his own inspiration. So in the 'Life Secluded' he introduces us into the monastery grange on the banks of the Tormes instead of taking us with Horace to the farm of Apulia or Sabinum where the tanned housewife kindles the firewood for the weary huntsman."

A league or more out from Salamanca lies all that remains of the monastery grange of San Agustín. It is reached by the lonely road, once the royal highway to Madrid, that crosses the heights along the Tormes, and spreads a vast treeless region beneath the traveler's eye. Far below the river runs parallel and swift, clear and cool through its slender aisle of trees, that are, in the compelling phrase of Sr. Unamuno, "languid and svelte, flooding the soul of him contemplating them with a sense of the supreme simplicity such as this humble tree evokes. For it is the poor poplar of the riversides that seems to realize in the landscape the spirit of those *primitifs* who painted glory in the colors of the dawn; it is a tree with something of the sweet rigidity of the liturgy." From

[2] Salamanca, 1902, p. 11.

the heights of the Rollo spreads out a splendid vista of smooth undulating hills broken by the modest uplands of a Carpio or Arapiles famous from the days of Wellington. Across the horizon the Sierra de Gredos banks the sky with its surge of rocky waves.

Against such a scene, in a hollow formed by the sharp turn of the river, we find the country house and farm of the Augustinians of Salamanca, a spot as sacred to the lover of Fray Luis, as the Sabine farm and the rocks of Vaucluse to the devotees of Horace and Petrarch. Fray Luis is precise in his description of it in his "Que descansada vida":

Against yon mountain slope there lies
An orchard that my hands have made;
There when the spring has come, mine eyes
In lovely blossoms are repaid
With promises of harvests yet delayed.
Unceasing there the streamlet leaps
From off the blustry crags on high
Reflecting in its mirror deeps
The beauty it would magnify
With crystal tribute from the azure sky.
Till glanced with silver calm it flows
By level reaches 'neath the trees,
Vesting in verdure as it goes,
And scattering from its treasuries
A flowery largess o'er the dappled leas.
No zephyr all the garden through
But wakes a thousand perfumes rare;
And murmurous with sweet ado
The branches stir, so not a care
For gold or sceptre can invade us there.

To-day this little stream to which the poet refers on several occasions, notably with a mystical significance in his "Ode to the Monastic Life", runs furtively through the rushes; back of the hill the railroad cuts across the old farm; but all, in spite of years of abandonment, is serene and inspiring. Close to the river stands the old grange house, still preserving the tiny chapel in which Fray Luis was accustomed to say Mass. Used for a long time as a lumber room, it has lately been restored to pious uses, and over the portal

is the inscription: "This was the oratory of the Maestro Fray Luis de León; Restored by the XII Marquis de Puerto Seguro and Count de Cabrillas, in the year 1902."

In front of this little building a tiny island has been formed by an arm of the river and on this stands a picturesque water-mill bearing the arms of the monastery carved against its old brown walls. The fishermen of the neighborhood, especially the boys, still gather around its water-runs with their primitive hooks and rods and politely point out to the rare visitor the interesting corners of the islet even though Fray Luis is hardly more than a name to them. It is probable that as a novice, Fray Luis himself indulged in similar fishing parties; we know that he came hither for many of his vacations both as a student and as professor whenever his rather delicate constitution demanded rest and the furious controversies of the schools permitted his absence; he has described one of these outings in the course of his treatise on "The Names of Christ":

It was the month of June about Saint Johnstide, the season when the classes at Salamanca are beginning to close, that Marcelo, one of those of whom I speak, retired after a hard year's course, to the grateful haven of a lonely farm, which, as you know, my monastery owns on the bank of the Tormes, and with him also for rest and company's sake were two others.

After some days there, the Feast of Saint Peter the Apostle happened to dawn upon them and when all three had fulfilled their religious duties they sallied forth from the house into the garden that fronted it.

It is a large garden, and at that season was well wooded although the trees were scattered without formal order, but this even added delight to the prospect, and the hour and season brought further charm. When they had entered the garden, they walked for a little space enjoying the fresh air, and then sat together on some benches in the shade of a trellis beside a little stream. This flowed from the hill top behind the rest-house and ran merrily through the garden sounding like the ripple of laughter. Before them a short distance off stood a tall and stately grove; and farther on, yet still at hand, gleamed the River Tormes, which even at that season filled well its banks and stretched across the plain. The day was calm, and very fresh and cool, and after they had been sitting for a while in silence, Sabino—the name I wish to give the youngest of the lads—smiling with a glance at Marcelo, made the remark, "Some people

at the sight of the country grow very dumb, the result, perhaps, of their depth of thought, but, as for me, I am like the birds: on beholding the verdure I want to sing and chatter."

Hieing off from the grange house to the river that encircled it, and yielding to the coaxing of Sabino, we paddled across in a boat to the thicket in the midst of a sort of islet formed against the dike of the watermills. The thicket while small, was dense, and very inviting, being at the season of the year when the foliage was rich, and amid the growth upon the ground itself there were some trees carefully planted out. The place was cut in two by a runnel of considerable flow made by the waters that broke their way through the stones of the dike and ran off in their own channel. Then Marcelo and his companions pushing through and choosing the densest spot as most shaded from the glare of the sun, sat down under a tall poplar that stood almost in the centre so that he might rest his shoulders, and get the view through the thicket, where the grass was green and shaded, and their feet could almost touch the water.

That this spot was famous and sacred almost from the days of the poet himself can be seen in the words of the author of the *Life and Virtues of Fray Luis de Granada,*[3] declaring that "the great Maestro Fray Luis de León wrote to Arias Montanus, his distinguished friend, that while in retirement in a house belonging to the Monastery of San Agustín of Salamanca, on an islet made by the river and described in the introduction of Book II of The Names of Christ, he read through all the works of the Padre Fr. Luis de Granada, and had learned more from reading them than from such scholastic theology as he had studied, and that thenceforth they should be his principal study."

The great naturalist Humboldt in his *Cosmos,*[4] also bears witness to "the poetical enthusiasm for nature that illumines the religious and melancholy poems of Fray Luis"; and indeed there is hardly any of his writings that do not show his tripartite spirit of religion, nature, and literary art. He seems to have practised, as an amateur at least, the arts of gardening and husbandry. The "Que desconsada vida" tells us of the garden his own hands have planted, and we may well imagine that as a novice or even as powerful *catedratico*

[3] Madrid, 1639, Fol. V.
[4] II, p. 70. Madrid, 1852.

he may have shared in the rustic rituals of pruning and harvesting.

From the earliest centuries the care of crops and live-stock had been studied and practised in the monasteries; each order is known to have had its own methods and secrets; and the Spanish monasteries enjoyed especial esteem as having preserved and developed whatever remained of the Arab traditions of gardening, irrigating, and fertilizing. Some of these long-lost secrets of monastic farming are only now being rediscovered by the investigators. In Spain at the time of which we speak the monastery farms and gardens were engaged in the work of acclimating the many strange fruits, vegetables, and flowers sent home from the Indies and the Americas by missionaries and explorers, the former pupils and brethren of these houses. The potato was making its probation in Spanish soil; the well-known domestic fowl, the Black Zamorana, had lately arrived from India or China. In 1547 the latter country had sent to Lisbon, and thence into the care of the Spanish monks, the fruit from which our sweet orange of to-day is developed. Of the flowers and the herb-gardens much might be written; the Emperor Charles V had brought the first carnations from Flanders, and the gardens of Spain were already sweeping with their first tide of beauty.

Of the sights and sounds in these regions Fray Luis shows sensitive comprehension:

> Let gentle birds but weave me song
> Of soothing melody untaught,

and again, a souvenir no doubt of the hoopoes that follow the traveller along the lonely paths and roadways:

> On circling wings aloft the band
> Of songsters played upon the air
> As though some joyous-voiced command
> Were marshalling their opinions there
> In airy pageant o'er some plaza rare.
> And in a gallant tournament
> The light contestants meet and turn,
> And intertwine,—then sky-content
> With silvery signallings sojourn
> To preen and twitter mid the grass and fern.

In the poem to Juan de Griál the storks "with their avenging cries" take us back to the migrating birds in the Æneid, "autumni frigore primo," while the oxen go breaking the furrows on the hills.

The long chilly nights of Salamanca are remembered in the clear vision of the stars in "The Night Serene" whose "gran concierto" he addresses in the lines:

O Temple-Seats of Glory
Of Majesty and Light,
To thy calm promontory
My soul was born,—what blight
Holds it imprisoned here form such a height.

His frequent references to the heavens show him a complete master of the astronomy of his time. From the hidden gardens of his monastery we catch a sudden gleam of the moonlight of the sixteenth century in these lines:

O what a lofty tree is grown
The fame of Francis 'mong Assisi's Knights!
How fair doth Anthony alone
Beyond the myriad eremites
Come forth in moonrise o'er the starry lights!

Fray Luis could picture the storms as well as the calms: we have the graphic sketch of the summer tornado in "A Felipe Ruiz":

As 'mid the clouds' commotion dire
The darting chariot of God arrayed
Goes forth upon its wheels of fire
With lightning bolt and cannonade,
Till earth lies trembling and mankind dismayed.

Down beats the rain upon the roof:
From off the hills the raging freshets pour
And for their labor's poor behoof
The hapless husbandmen deplore
The fields they tilled and planted flooded o'er.

Time and again the poet expresses love for the humble rustic, contrasting his peaceful security with the cares and dangers of the ambition that was already depopulating the

plains of Castile and deforesting her hills to lay the keels that bore her sons away to war and exploration, from which they were seldom to return. The very heaven of Fray Luis is an azure meadow with a Divine Shepherd walking among His flock. For him Christ is never the tragic Victim of the southern shrines, but always the gentle Master of Love, as He appears in "The Ascension" and "The Life of the Heavens", "painted", as Menendez-y-Pelayo says, "with the feather of an angel's wing".

For all his ardor and brilliancy Fray Luis was a very silent man, and one finds the true keynote to his character in "The Names of Christ" where he says: "In the cities we learn to speak better; but delicacy of feeling belongs to the country and the silent places."

THOMAS WALSH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A BLACK ROBE "VOYAGEUR".

I.

MY Black Robe "Voyageur" is the veteran missioner of the Canadian Northwest, the venerable Oblate, Father Lacombe. His name deserves to be writ large in the history of the vast territory into which Sir Walter Raleigh's old Dominion has expanded; whose illimitable dimensions, Lord Dufferin said, alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer; embracing an area far more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms. For centuries the native Indians, as yet monarchs of all they surveyed, hunted the buffalo over the wide-stretching prairies and sold the rich furs to the English adventurers who formed the Hudson's Bay Company—chartered two hundred and fifty years ago by Charles II, "the merry monarch, scandalous and poor"—and the rival Northwest Company until rivalry gave place to amalgamation.

It was on the banks of the Red River, where it forms a junction with the Assiniboine, that civilization made the first effort to establish itself in the illimitable domain of the fur-traders. About 1735 a fort was built by a French adventurer

on the site of the present city of Winnipeg. This Red River settlement became the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. Churches and school-houses were erected to provide for the religious and educational needs of the people, the most conspicuous of the former being that of St. Boniface, whose bells sounded welcome in the ears of the nomads of the plains.

Is it the clang of the wild-geese,
  Is it the Indians' yell
That lends to the voice of the North wind
  The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
  To the sound that grows apace:
Well he knows the vesper ringing
  Of the bells of Saint Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission
  That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
  To the hunters on the plain.

The majority of the French half-breeds, or Metis, the descendants of French Canadian fathers and Indian mothers, lived almost entirely on the fur-trade as *voyageurs*, trappers, and hunters.

Father Lacombe constituted himself the apostle of the Indians and half-breeds. He lived their life: he made himself one with them; labored for them, prayed for them, pleaded for them. For more than sixty years he devoted himself to their service with a whole-hearted self-sacrifice that was heroic. French Canadian, native and to the manner born, there was a tincture of Indian blood in his remote ancestry on the maternal side, for his mother, Agathe Duhamel, was a descendant of a French maiden, one of the Duhamels of Saint Sulpice, carried into captivity over a hundred years earlier by an Ojibway chief to whom she bore two sons. It is commonly said that blood is stronger than water, and this may account to some extent for his affection for the Metis or half-breeds; but it was human affection divinized and supernaturalized by faith, and zeal born of faith, by that *caritas Christi* which is the grand wonder-working motive principle of the missionary propagandism of the Catholic Church, whether in crowded cities or in remote lands beyond the confines of civili-

zation. He came of a roving race, the early French settlers, those knight-errants of western civilization, those adventurous pioneers, voyageurs, who, impelled by what the Germans call *wanderlust,* pushed their explorations farther and farther westward in the wake of the Sieur de la Vérendrye and his sons, whose progress had been checked by the wars between France and England, when Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham and the fleur-de-lis was struck on the old fort of the Canadian capital.[1]

His father, Albert Lacombe, was a simple farmer, attached to his home and his farm work, with no more ambitious outlook than to see his sons follow in his footsteps; neither rich nor poor,—pious, thrifty, and industrious. His son Albert, the future Oblate, had to take his share of farm work, picking stones on new land, feeding the pigs, or driving the plough. But, chafing at its monotony, he was early fired with a desire to leave the farm and go to college—to be a great man, a priest maybe like the old curé, Monsieur de Viau; or, in place of poring over books, follow the example of his grand-uncle, Joseph Lacombe, go farther afield into the, as yet, mysterious and little-known *Pays d'en Haut* with the fur company and be the most daring voyageur of them all. These were the heroes of his boyhood's day dreams, and typified the twin spirit of the apostle and the pioneer already working within him. The kindly old curé grew attached to him and called him " mon petit sauvage ", my little Indian. He fostered his budding vocation, sent him to college and paid his way, prophetically remarking: " Who knows? . . . some day our little Indian may be a priest and work for the Indians!" This was about 1840 when the boy was thirteen. In 1847 he was called from L'Assomption College, Quebec, to the bishop's palace, Montreal, where he continued his theological studies under the direction of Monseigneur Prince, the coadjutor, having as fellow-student, Edouard Fabre, afterward Archbishop of Montreal, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. He was very happy at the bishop's house; the canons loved him, and he was brought in contact with parish priests from all parts of the country. " They were fine pleas-

[1] J. G. Bourinot, *Story of Canada.*

ant men," he recalls; "I liked to meet them. They lived in comfortable houses, they were liked by their people. They did good work. But I would look at them and say to myself, 'No, that is not for me. I would not live quiet like that for all the world. I must go out and work. I must save my soul in my own way.'" The way was opened to him in the winter of 1848 by Father George Belcourt, a missioner from the far-off Pembina district, who told thrilling stories of the wild rush of the buffalo hunt, of the wily Saulteaux and Metis or murderous Sioux to whom he ministered; of the splendid struggle for human souls in a primitive land. Albert Lacombe, relates his biographer,[2] hung on the stranger's words, in the community hall, at table, everywhere he went; and when one Sunday night Father Belcourt preached in the old cathedral of St. Jacques, at least one young man in the sanctuary listened enraptured to the tales he told and the rousing appeal he made for help. When he depicted in eloquent words the life and work of the missions, "I was struck to the heart," says Father Lacombe. "An interior voice called to me, *Quem mittem?* (Whom shall I send?) and I said in reply, *Ecce ego; mitte me* (Behold I am here; send me)". The next morning he opened his mind to the bishop who counselled delay and reflection, as did his old patron, the aged Abbé Viau, then invalided in a hospital; while others advised him to give up the idea. But the attraction was becoming stronger the more he reflected. "I knew I wanted to be a priest," he says, "but, failing this mission life, if I had to be a *curé*, I would have decided to return to the world. I wanted to make every sacrifice or none. That was my nature."

Ordained on 13 June, 1849, he returned joyfully to Montreal where his joy turned into sorrow on learning that the Abbé Viau had died suddenly that afternoon. Only the evening before he had talked long with his venerable patron who, kissing his "little Indian" paternally, blessed him in leave-taking, with these words: "Mon cher Albert, I shall pray to-morrow that you will always be a good and holy priest." That prayer has assuredly been answered. "Whilst

[2] *Father Lacombe, the Black Robe Voyageur.* By Katherine Hughes. New York. 1911. P. 10.

I wept beside his inanimate body," says Father Lacombe, "he seemed to say to me: '*Cursum consumavi.* Take my place as priest, for I have helped to make you what you are to-day.'"

Seven weeks later he set out for the West. After the touching ceremony of the kissing of the missioner's feet in accordance with the old custom of the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions, he left Lachine, still the port of departure for the Pays d'en Haut, as it had been a decade earlier when the flotillas of canoes set out amid the cheers and songs of the voyageurs. His destination was the mission of Pembina on the Red River, to which he proceeded viâ St. Paul, which had dropped its old ugly name of Pig's Eye for that of the Abbé Galtier's mission and consisted of about thirty long buildings, inhabited by French Canadians, Metis, and a few American traders. For a month, awaiting the arrival of Father Belcourt's brigade, he was installed in a log house, built by the Abbé Galtier in 1841 to serve as chapel and presbytery and now Bishop Cretin's first episcopal palace! The ménage was very primitive. An amusing instance of the shifts to which these pioneer priests were obliged in their poverty to have recourse is related. When he asked Father Ravoux where he was to sleep, "Why here," was the response, pointing to a long narrow box. "That box has blankets inside. Just open it."—"But that's a coffin!" exclaimed Father Lacombe, shuddering. "Yes," replied the senior priest coolly. "A half-breed died in the woods the other day and I helped to make his coffin. It was too short and we had to make another. I kept this one. It is very useful; I had only blankets before." This was only a foretaste of the many deprivations he was to endure. Like St. Paul he was "in perils oft". To reach Pembina they had to pursue a muddy, marshy trail through the woods for fear of the roving Indians, a large party of whom once swooped down upon them and exacted a tribute of food, easing them of provisions and articles intended for the mission.

In this forest mission of Pembina Father Lacombe served his apprenticeship to his life work. It had been established in 1818 by the Reverend Severe Dumoulin, was the missionary headquarters for the wandering Saulteaux, and, when

Father Lacombe reached it, a village composed of American half-breeds and Indians. It was a famous rendezvous for the buffalo hunters; and when spring came the Metis crowded into it, until the Mission grew in a few days to the size of a town and the woodland was dotted with tents. "This," his biographer notes, "was the golden age of the Indian and Metis, when the bison still roamed the great plains in unnumbered thousands. . . . The buffalo was the chief factor of life in the West; its pursuit the chief joy of the native. From the first the missionaries had learned to look on the time of this buffalo hunt as most favorable for teaching Christian doctrine to the Indians. They were then most comfortable and correspondingly amiable, and in the long evenings and longer days, when they sat sunning themselves while the women prepared the meat of the last kill, the Indian warrior smoked his pipe and listened with pleasure to the old story of the Redemption." [3]

In 1850 it fell to Father Lacombe's lot to be chaplain to a great hunt, the first of his many buffalo hunts. On the eve he gathered the band together in the open air for evening prayers, when they made the forest ring with echoes of hymns translated by Father Belcourt into Indian. A half-breed hunter having been elected Chief, and hunt laws drawn up, the camp set out on its march the next morning after an early Mass, the procession, like some patriarchal exodus in the days of Jacob, moving slowly out over the prairies. There were 800 to 1000 carts and over 1000 men, women and children in camp that year, as well as hundreds of ponies, horses, oxen, and dogs. When the scouts sighted in the distance an immense herd of buffalo and signalled it to the marching Metis, the camp was erected, and in a flash men and horses hurled themselves against the herd at full gallop, the hunters forming an immense line of attack. Father Lacombe, who accompanied them, recited an act of contrition, to which the hunters responded with bent heads; for the hunt might become a life or death struggle between man and beast. The buffalo, naturally timid and fearful, grows enraged at its pursuers, and from the moment it is wounded becomes terrible and dangerous. "The story of combats of Spanish bulls

[3] Op. cit., p. 24.

furious at their adversaries," writes Father Lacombe, "conveys a feeble picture compared to this magnificent attack." The hunter exposed himself momentarily to be thrown from his horse and trampled into the earth under a hundred cruel insentient hoofs, or to become a human plaything tossed again and again into the air from the horns of an enraged animal. In about twenty minutes the immense herd was utterly routed and hundreds of wounded animals strewed the plains. Close to 800 buffalo had been killed near the base of the Turtle Mountain. The following day the Metis ascended with Father Lacombe to the mountain top and planted a large wooden cross.

On these hunting expeditions the chaplain-missioner was the father of the party, their physician, their good Samaritan, their counsellor and the peacemaker who arbitrated in their quarrels. At dawn every morning he said Mass and during his thanksgiving perfect stillness reigned in the camp, for the Indians and Metis alike respected "the Praying man." During the day there was catechism for the children and instruction for the women and old people. On some days when the hunters were at home resting they would come with their pipes and squat around the priest's tent, to listen to him or to help him in his study of Saulteau, one of the Algonquin dialects, for throughout his life Indian languages had a strong fascination for Father Lacombe, his acquisition of them being aided by a dictionary and grammar compiled by Father Belcourt. Then at other times, when the shades of evening fell and all was quiet, he would ring his bell and gather the whole camp around his tent, where they would sing hymns and pray, until the priest said goodnight to them. "I can never express how good these Metis, children of the prairies, were," observed Father Lacombe. "In that Golden Age when they hunted the buffalo and practised our Christianity with the fervor of the first Christians, their lives were blameless. They were a beautiful race then—those children of the prairies." Again he recalls rapturously: "Qu'il était delicieux pour les Métis comme pour l'Indien, ce temps de l'Age d'Or, quand la chasse était encore abondante!"

He would return to the mission house from the hunt with features bronzed by the sun, soutane soiled and frayed or

even ragged, and the linen and other things in his case of portable altar requisites in disorder and redolent of wood-smoke, happy at the good he had been able to do—souls reconciled to their Maker, or sins prevented by his presence.

He had found his vocation. After another winter in charge of the Pembina mission, he went to Montreal with the vague idea of joining some religious order, having heard Bishop Provencher speak highly of the Oblates, then a new French Congregation. In 1852, when Bishop Taché, coadjutor of St. Boniface, was passing through Quebec, Father Lacombe offered him his services for the Red River missions. It was arranged that he should make his novitiate at St. Boniface and acquaint himself with the Constitutions and discipline of the Oblates before taking up missionary work; but at the earnest entreaty of the aged Bishop Provencher, who urgently needed a priest for Fort Edmonton, to replace a missioner utterly worn out by his labors, he renounced his year of novitiate [4] and went at once into the mission field.

At Fort Edmonton, the most important post of the Hudson's Bay Company west of Norway House, whence Chief Factor Rowand, a fiery spirited Irishman, ruled over a wide district that reached to the Rockies, Father Lacombe, launched upon his life work, to which he was to devote sixty strenuous years, found himself, a young priest, master of his own actions, thrown upon his own resources, left to his own initiative, as he wished to be. First established in 1795, it had become the chief point of the Company's operations on the plains, and was like some rude baronial stronghold in the feudal ages of the old world, with the liege's hall and retainers' cottages, all safely enclosed within high palisades surmounted by guns. Its occupants had to rough it betimes. There were seasons each year when provisions ran so low that even with lessened rations there was no certainty of to-morrow's fast being broken. Father Lacombe was to experience hardships and even occasional starvation; to force himself to eat unsavory and indescribable morsels served on a piece of bark or in his fingers, that he might not wound the Indians' feelings or lose their confidence. "Conquered by hunger," he says, "we

[4] He entered on his deferred novitiate at Sainte Anne in 1856 and pronounced his vows as an Oblate of Mary Immaculate.

could learn to consume these victuals without much repugnance, for under the empire of this cruel stepmother the world becomes savage."

But during his first year on the Saskatchewan, his biographer records, he fared well, physically and mentally. The inhabitants of the Fort, from Rowand down to the youngest dog-runner, were mostly Catholic, and he busied himself instructing young and old. On Sunday Mass was celebrated with impressive solemnity, the French Canadians being taught to sing the liturgy. Fifteen days spent at Lac la Biche, an Indian centre 150 miles from the Fort, in company with Alexis Cardinal, a half-breed who was to share many perilous trips with the young missioner, having brought home to him the need of increasing his knowledge of Cree, he resolved to master that dialect, devoting several hours a day to its study, under the tutorship of a Scotch clerk, Colin Fraser, whose wife had been baptized by another famous missioner, Father de Smet. A note-book in which he jotted down all the Cree words and grammatical rules at this time, was the genesis of the Cree Dictionary and Grammar he afterward compiled. In his many goings and comings, by the firelight in Indian tepees or log missions, he contrived with persistent labor to make voluminous notes on the Cree language. At Bishop Grandin's instance he subsequently wrote a score of sermons in Cree, embodying the whole Christian doctrine. He acquired it so rapidly and so thoroughly that his knowledge of the Cree language was admitted by the half-breeds to be superior to their own. It was one of the keys with which he unlocked the hearts of the Indians. In their beautifully expressive language he was always known to the Crees as *Kamiyo-atcha-kwee* (the Man of the Beautiful Soul) and to the various Blackfeet tribes as *Arsous-Kitsirarpi* (the Man of the Good Heart)—epithets which crystalized into a couple of phrases the great missioner's salient characteristics. He became endeared to them and they to him. He could subdue or soften them at will. He alone could tame the bully of Fort Edmonton, a wild Metis named Paulet Paul, whom he transformed into a meek Christian, or face with unblenched cheek the fierce Blackfeet.

The first missioners were exceedingly poor and had little assisttance from their superiors, who for their part had few resources at their disposal. The Society of the Propagation of the Faith was far from being able to assist us then as it did later; moreover our means of transport were practically nil. We depended upon the good-will of this good Company [5] to go from one post to another and to convey thither our small luggage. The chief officers, few of whom were Catholic, sometimes looked on our arrival and work with a jealous eye. In addition to this they felt that their policy was being interfered with,—that policy of preventing the entrance of civilization and of retaining the old régime. We were received and tolerated, but it was because they could not do otherwise.

Still he admits that they were "honorably and charitably treated by the Company", and elsewhere adds: "I repeat what I have said many times, that if we had not had the aid and the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company, we could not have for a long time begun or carried out the establishment of the young Church of the Northwest."

Father Lacombe shifted his headquarters to Lac Sainte Anne, fifty miles northwest of Edmonton, the first permanent mission for Crees and Cree-Metis established by Father Thibault on the Upper Saskatchewan in 1842, remote from the Blackfoot trail to the Fort, and thus secure from these traditional enemies of the Crees. One of the worst enemies of the Indians at this time was the drink abuse against which the missioners waged for six years an effective campaign.

New workers continued to be sent into the mission-field, one of whom, Vital Grandin, a handsome Breton priest, afterward Bishop of St. Albert, became an intimate friend of Father Lacombe in later years as well as one of the most striking figures among the pioneer missioners of the Northwest.

Father Lacombe's skill as an amateur physician in mitigating the sufferings of a tribe of Blackfeet from a scarlet fever epidemic in 1857, until the missioner himself was laid low with the malady, won him the good will of that bellicose race. His regular ministry in 1859 lay largely with the freemen and Metis, but the Indians came to him for direction in increasing numbers. Sometimes he found his little chapel at

[5] The Hudson's Bay Company.

Sainte Anne too small for the devout Christians who gathered there. He was busy repairing in one August morning of that year when he was called out to welcome Lord Southesk who in his book of western travel records how he had the pleasure of dining with "Pères Lacombe and Le Frain of the Roman Catholic mission house." "Agreeable men and perfect gentlemen," he notes in his diary, and comments on the fact that Rome has an advantage in the class of men she assigns to her missions, as she always sends out "polished, highly educated gentlemen". He found "everything wonderfully neat and flourishing, a true oasis in the desert. Surrounded by such comfort and refinement and in the society of such agreeable entertainers I passed a most pleasant evening, one that often recalled itself to my memory amid the experiences of later times." He felt sorry to leave Sainte Anne, "all was so kindly and pleasant," he says, and concludes: "God bless them and prosper their mission!"

The advent of the Grey Nuns from Montreal to open a home that was to be at once a boarding-school, orphanage, hospital and refuge for the aged, and the pastoral visit of Bishop Taché, were the great events of 1860 in the little mission lost in the woods. It was the first time the Indians saw a Catholic bishop. Having come unprovided with a crozier, Father Lacombe with a hunting knife fashioned one of green wood, tinted with yellow ochre,[6] which the prelate carried with due dignity at the midnight Mass, remarking that it was a pastoral staff as primitive as that of the shepherds who tended their flocks in the hill country of Judea on the first Christmas Eve.

One day during his visitation at Lac Sainte Anne, a Blackfoot chief, arrayed in savage splendor, sought an audience with the bishop, asking, in the name of his tribe, that a priest should be sent among his people; promising that the missionary would be unmolested and that while he was with them, they would not make war on the Crees; the priest to carry a white flag with a red cross on it, a symbol easily recognizable and to be respected by all. Since Father Lacombe's healing offices to them during the epidemic they had been

[6] This staff was preserved as a memento over the rafters at Sainte Anne.

anxious to secure a share in his ministrations. The result was the foundation of another mission nearer the Fort, where the Blackfeet could be assembled from time to time. A hill overlooking the Sturgeon valley was chosen as the site of the new mission which, by desire of the bishop, was called St. Albert, in honor of Father Lacombe's patron saint. Planting his staff in the snow where they stood, the prelate said, "Here you will build the chapel!"; and on that exact spot a few months later Father Lacombe erected the altar of the mission chapel.

The year 1862 found the indefatigable Blackfoot, axe in hand, hard at work on the building. His activity did not stop there. He had built a small scow or raft, which he used as a ferry, swimming his pony across the swollen river at the foot of the hill to be in time to celebrate Mass every alternate day at the Fort. This did not suffice and he resolved to build a bridge. With him to will was to accomplish. In three days he had a solid bridge spanning the stream, the only bridge Lord Milton and Cheadle note that they had seen in the Hudson's Bay Territory. He did more. To bring more workers and goods to the mission, and save the payment of high freight rates, he organized the first brigade of carts to cross the prairies with freight between Fort Edmonton and the Red River. The convent being well advanced, he opened also the first regular school west of Manitoba, in which he gathered a lot of young Indians, wild as hares, and erected the first horse-power mill on the western plains to grind the flour for the colony of St. Albert. It was a source of great surprise to Governor Dallas of the Hudson's Bay Company when he arrived at Fort Edmonton on a tour of inspection. Striking the table to emphasize his remarks, he said to his companion: "See the thrifty way in which these missioners make the most of everything, in spite of their poverty. See how with all our resources and our hundreds of servants, our Forts are falling to ruin, while these priests who come into the country with nothing but a little book under their arm,"—referring to Father Lacombe's breviary,—"they are performing wonders. Their houses spring up from the ground like trees—growing bigger and better all the time; while our Forts are tumbling to ruin." Lord Milton

and W. B. Cheadle, who visited St. Albert in 1863, were equally impressed. They noted:

The priest's house was a pretty white building with garden around it and adjoining it the chapel, school and nunnery. The worthy Father, M. Lacombe, was standing in front of his dwelling as we came up, and we at once introduced ourselves. . . . He welcomed us very cordially. . . . Pere Lacombe was an exceedingly intelligent man, and we found his society very agreeable. . . . Gladly accepting his invitation to stay and dine, we followed him into his house, which contained only a single room with a sleeping loft above. The furniture consisted of a small table and a couple of rough chairs and the walls were adorned with several coloured prints, amongst which were a portrait of His Holiness the Pope, another of the Bishop of Red River, and a picture representing some very substantial and stolid-looking angels lifting very jolly saints out of the flames of purgatory. After a capital dinner we strolled around the settlement in company with our host. He showed us some very respectable farms, with rich cornfields, large bands of horses and herds of cattle. He had devoted himself to improving the condition of his flock, had brought out at great expense ploughs and other farming implements for their use, and was at the present completing a corn-mill to be worked by horse-power. He had built a chapel and established schools for the half-breed children. The substantial bridge we had crossed was the result of his exertions. Altogether this little settlement was the most flourishing community we had seen since leaving Red River, and it must be confessed that the Romish priests far excel their Protestant brethren in missionary enterprise and influence. They have established stations at Isle à la Crosse, St. Alban's, St. Ann's, and other places far out in the wilds, undeterred by danger or hardship, and gathering half-breeds and Indians around them, have taught with considerable success the elements of civilization as well as religion; while the latter remain inert, enjoying the ease and comfort of the Red River settlement, or at most make an occasional summer's visit to some of the nearest Posts.

Scouring far out over the plains with his Red Cross flag —the small white pennon emblazoned with the cross—to meet the Blackfeet in their own country, he encountered and confuted a sorcerer and medicine-man, an aboriginal quack who was the ruling spirit in a camp of over three hundred hostile pagan Crees. "With all the ardors of his warm nature,"

writes Miss Hughes,[7] "Father Lacombe burned to reach every tribe on the plains—group after group, to gather these poor nomads in fresh colonies to live there in pastoral contentment and certainty of food. As each settlement was formed, it would be his aim to turn it over to some of his younger brethren, while he pushed on again into the wilds with his Red Cross flag and his plough to bring into Christian submission still other bands of savages." An ecclesiastical free-lance, he wandered at will, in quest of souls, over an immense area inhabited by eight different scattered tribes, constantly appearing at the most unexpected points, or rafting down the Saskatchewan to a permanent mission he established for the Cree Indians; or responding to another call from the Blackfeet, now stricken with typhoid, helpless and fearful of a disease which was to them a mysterious malady, to whose bodies and souls he ministered; or again teaching the women and children how to sow vegetables. When seized himself with a form of dysentery which was carrying off all whom it attacked, he wrote to Bishop Taché: "If this sickness carries me off, at least my sacrifice is made. I will die happy among my neophytes, ministering to them as long as I have strength." Restored to health and work, he writes with his wonted buoyancy: "Hurrah for the prairies! . . . Hey! I am in my element. My cart, my three horses, my good Alexis, and our Blackfoot cook with whom I am studying the Blackfoot language, my tent, my chapel-case, my catechisms and objects of piety—behold my church and presbytery! . . . To tell the truth, I am as happy as a Prince of the Church. My people, about half of whom are Christian and men of good prestige as hunters—they respect me, they love me. I feel like a king here, a new Moses in the midst of this new camp of Israel. It is not the manna of the desert with which we are nourished, but it is the delicious buffalo-meat of the prairie which the good Master gives us." He delighted in the plains, whether radiant in brilliant sunshine or still beautiful in the lingering light of evening, when, he tells us, "seated on the fresh grass, with the vaulted skies sown with stars for our House of Adoration, silence falls—the ravens and the little birds are asleep, but man keeps watch. It is

[7] Op. cit., p. 106.

then our songs of good-night are sung to the Great Spirit. And how beautiful seem these hymns of the children of the wilderness! And there amidst them, happy in his lot, see this man in a soutane. How eloquent and fine it seems to him to say to them in their own language—taught by these fierce warriors—'Go, and sleep tranquilly, my children. May the Great Spirit bless you. *Au revoir* till morning.'"

This tranquillity was soon disturbed by one of those hazards of Indian life which went near removing from the field of his fruitful labors the courageous and intrepid missioner. There was a renewal of hostilities between the Crees and Blackfeet, which led to a battle on the night of 4 December, 1865, when Father Lacombe was quartered in the lodge of Chief Natous. Guest and host were sleeping soundly on buffalo robes when they were suddenly aroused by the Crees who, bent on slaughter, opened fire on them. Balls whizzed past the priest as he hastily assumed his soutane, snatched up his surplice and stole and, reverently kissing the cross of his Order, paused to make a brief generous offering of his life to his Maker. Then alert and fearless, with his Red Cross flag at hand, he plunged into the outer darkness. Many of the young Blackfoot warriors were away hunting buffalo, but those who remained under Natous fought on recklessly. Father Lacombe, in the midst of a hideous din, called upon the Crees, some of whom were Christians, to withdraw. It was pitch dark; no moon or stars were visible. The living stumbled and fell over the dead, and the wounded pleaded for help. A woman standing near him fell, pierced by a bullet: he baptized her and prayed with her till she died: next morning she was found scalped. A thieving Assinaboine, in the act of pillaging the chief's tent, was shot and fell, grasping Father Lacombe's breviary. Before dawn, which still found them fighting, half the camp was destroyed. The missioner, begrimed with the battle smoke, raising his crucifix in one hand and the Red Cross flag in the other, called to his Blackfoot hosts to cease firing. Then, at the risk of his life, he deliberately strode out from the camp and, bravely confronting the enemy's fire, while bullets whizzed past his head and ploughed the ground beside him, he shouted: "Here! you Crees. *Kamiyo-atcha-kwe* speaks!" The Blackfeet called

out to him to come back, as the Crees, who could not see or hear him, owing to the din and the morning mist and the surging smoke, were still firing. Suddenly a ball, rebounding from the earth, struck him in the forehead. Though the wound was slight the shock was great, and he staggered, lost his footing, and fell. The Blackfeet thought he was mortally wounded—he, their friend, their physician, the Man-of-the-Good-Heart who had nursed them through the typhoid, who had now heroically risked and, perhaps, laid down his life for them, to save them from their hereditary enemy! Filled with grief and rage, and raising their war cry, they instantly flung themselves upon the Crees, a Blackfoot crying out: "You have wounded your Blackrobe, dogs! Have you not done enough?" Then the Crees ceased firing and withdrew in confusion. The encounter lasted seven or eight hours. Chief Natous was badly wounded, about twelve were killed, fifteen men and women wounded, some fatally, and two children stolen; while the attacking party carried away their dead and wounded, the former numbering ten and the latter fifteen. Father Lacombe lost everything except what was on his person and his rescued breviary. Two hundred horses were killed or stolen, including two of Father Lacombe's. For ten days longer he remained with the Natous, caring for their wounded. Then, with three Indians, he set out for Rocky Mountain House which, travel-stained and half-starved —for their food supply had run short—he reached in a very weak state, to fall into the arms of Richard Hardisty, Lady Strathcona's brother, who was startled by his appearance. "Don't cry, don't cry, my frien'" he said; "I've been to war; but now—you see—I am back." He was at the end of his resources. "Richard Hardisty," he recalled afterward, "treated me like a brother that day. I felt so sick and tired and hungry when I got to Mountain House that I was ready to lie down in the snow and die. But he took our miserable party in before his big fire, and warmed and fed us and clothed me, and I always feel since then that he saved my life." That life was to experience many more vicissitudes and thrilling incidents before he finally quitted the mission-field.

II.

Rumor exaggerated the exciting episode in the camp of the Natous. It was reported that Father Lacombe had been killed in a battle near Three Ponds; some Crees even showed a *capot* like his taken out of his tent with several bullets in it. His reappearance on Christmas Eve, 1865, at Fort Edmonton dispelled these rumors. He had neither been dismayed nor done to death. "I was never less afraid than I was during this combat," he wrote to his Superior General, Monsignor Fabre. At the Midnight Mass the congregation of voyageurs listened to the oft-repeated but always alluring story of the Divine Infant related in English, French, and Cree. "They were wholesome, western men, vigorous creatures of strong passions and ready faith," comments Miss Hughes, "and they accepted happily the mysterious union of weakness and omnipotence, the tale of Love stooping to earth to win it otherwise than by force."

Most of the year 1866 was spent by Father Lacombe on the prairies with his Indians. Besides Indians, he collided with many nationalities on the plains. The ubiquitous Scot and the no less ubiquitous Irishman were, of course, much in evidence among the motley, ever-shifting crowd. One of the curious characters he met, a quaint little Irish-American, was known by the very Celtic cognomen of "Jimmy-from-Cork". Another type of the scattered Gael was Sam Livingstone, who greatly interested him as one of the most picturesque figures he had met in the West. The son of an Anglican rector in Ireland and born in the Vale of Avoca, he had drifted through the United States to the Saskatchewan.

His journal records many experiences: how he rescued a young woman of one of the southern tribes, captured by a band of Indian warriors;[8] how during his absence from St. Paul the wolves ate his horses; how the Indians about the mission fell ill, and the little house was turned into a hospital; and so on. During the summer of 1867 he designed a house-tent of tanned buffalo skins, his heart being set upon cele-

[8] The restoration of this girl subsequently to her own people, the Blackfeet, gained for Father Lacombe more influence among that tribe and spread more desire for his prayers than many sermons or visits would have accomplished. She had meanwhile been placed under the care of nuns and christened Marguerite.

brating Midnight Mass for his Indians in this ambulant chapel. For years the French priests in the West had plodded along as best they could with nothing better than a skin tepee, in which it was often impossible to say Mass if the wind was high, because the smoke circled about the lodge half-way up and filled the throat of a man standing. Once Father Lacombe had to celebrate Mass on his knees to avoid the smoke. Another day, at the Elevation his crucifix, hanging to the tent above his head, plunged into the chalice.

Projecting a vigorous missionary campaign among all the warlike, stubborn southern tribes, during a journey through the snow to a Cree camp, they came across a group of eighteen wretched, almost starved Indians, reduced to skin and bone, the children being too weak to play or cry; they had not tasted a mouthful of food for many days. To relieve their wants he and his companions, pitching their camp beside them, mutually resolved to do without food for three days. For fourteen days they toiled across the trackless prairie and experienced all the horrors of famine. Father Lacombe, like the others, was failing from sheer weakness; his sight grew dim and his vision of things blurred; his neck seemed to totter under the weight of his head; the faintness of death was stealing over him. Rallying himself with an effort, he caught his mind wandering as if he were delirious. On one day they had nothing but a bouillon made of the skins of old sacks, cords of sinews, and old pieces of moccasins! He writes: "My dear friends and you who seat yourselves at tables covered with appetizing food whenever you need it, let me tell you how painful and torturing it is to know hunger in circumstances like these! Up to that time in my sermons and instructions to the Indians—some of them lazy—I had said many times, I had proclaimed, that those who did not want to work—*should not eat.* But now, after such an experience, I have changed my ideas, and I have taken the resolution to share my last mouthful with anyone who is hungry. After experiencing such hardship from hunger, how clearly one understands these words of the Father of the Poor—'I was hungry and you gave me not to eat!'" The starving band had reached the last point of endurance and Father Lacombe had resolved to kill his horses to supply them with food, when

the Indians came upon the hearth fires of their people and were succored. Christmas Eve came round again—called by the Indians *Ka-nipa-ayam-itiak* (the time we pray at night). The house-tent was fixed up, confessions were heard, and for the first time on the prairie Father Lacombe exercised his priestly privilege of saying three Masses on one day. The hunters attended the first, the women the second, and the children the third. At midnight he stood before a rude altar made of poles, surmounted by his chapel-box.

As I robed myself for that Mass this is what passed in my heart. The holy Gospel tells us that the shepherds of the Valley of Bethlehem came to the stable to adore the Divine Child. And here to-night in this wild country in North America another kind of shepherds—the shepherds of the great flocks of buffalo—are kneeling down to adore the same Child Jesus, the Son of God, who lay on the straw in Bethlehem in the far East. And when these old shepherds began to sing the canticles of the Church in their own tongue—*Emigwa tibiskayik* (there, let us, shepherds, assemble)—for some time I could not begin my Mass because the tears came and I wept. Ah, that scene was a poem . . . those warriors and hunters singing the hymns that are of the Church the world over, the same old melodies we sang at St. Sulpice for the *Noël*! Ah-h! I have said Mass in St. Peter's at Rome, in the basilicas in France, and in many places,—but I say to you, this was the most solemn Mass,—the grandest of all!

After the second Mass, being still very weak and feeling his head reel with faintness as it did during that awful fortnight on the prairies, he threw himself down on a bed of buffalo skins laid over boughs and slept from sheer exhaustion.

When, later, he was bidding good-night to the men at the entrance to his tent a Metis courier from St. Albert delivered into his hands a packet containing a letter which brought tears to his eyes. It was from Bishop Grandin in Rome describing the Pope assailed on every side, and enclosing a copy of the Papal decree convoking the Vatican Council. An Indian chief asking him what was the news that moved him so strongly, he explained the purport of the letter, reading from the decree some words of "the Grand Chief of the Men-of-Prayer". All pressed forward to see it; one old man bending down and kissing the page. The Indian chief,

though not yet a Christian, asked the Pope's name. When told it, he stood up facing his braves, and, holding aloft the Papal decree, exclaimed: "Pius IX! Pius IX! . . . Listen, all my people present—Pius IX! May that name bring us good fortune!" Then, sweeping an arm out over his seated tribesmen, he called out: "Rise and say Pius IX!" And they all arose and repeated after him the Pontiff's name. "This scene," comments his biographer, "might have furnished another paragraph to Macauley's admiring study of the Church of Rome. For while its Pontiff, the 'Little Father of the Poor,' was being driven to his last redoubt in the Vatican—only saved from the Garibaldian forces two months earlier by an army of men from every civilized nation—here in this Western wilderness new races were enlisting under his banner, and a miserably clad but valiant soldier of Christ was moved to tears at the unlooked-for tribute to his chief. In the following year, Father Lacombe sent the details of the little incident to his early patron, Bishop Bourget, who was then in Rome. The aged Pontiff, profoundly moved by the happening, asked the Bishop to convey his blessing to Father Lacombe, his good chief, and the Indians." [9]

The most important incident in 1868 was Bishop Grandin's arrival at St. Albert, which marked the elevation of the half-breed colony to the dignity of an episcopal see and connoted a long advance since the advent of Bishop Provencher, half a century before, to establish Christianity in Rupert's Land. When the new bishop, who had so lately in the Arctic regions lived in a mud hut, officiated in the little chapel, he had to take care lest his mitre might not be knocked off by the rafters! His palace was of logs and measured sixteen feet by thirty. It was uncomfortably overcrowded, a congested district. One of the missioners there at that epoch, wrote: "Eight of us are living in the palace, and we are one on top of another. There are seven of us in one room which serves at once as a parlor, office, carpenter's shop, tailor's workshop, etc. A buffalo skin stretched on the floor with one or two blankets—behold our beds! Mattresses and sheets are luxuries of which we know nothing. We eat bread only on feast days and then in very small quantities." The meat dried in the sun was as hard as

[9] Op. cit., pp. 155-6.

leather, and their beverage was unsweetened tea. "With this not very elegant nutrition," says the missioner, "we nevertheless are looking well. I especially—I am taking on flesh in such a fashion that they call me Canon."

Poverty was not the only thing they had to endure. After exercising his ministry in a camp of nearly 2,700 Crees lodged in 400 tepees; preaching to the half-breeds of St. Albert, combining, as usual, with his spiritual ministry vigorous efforts for the material well-being of his flock; after suffering at times from thirst, to him more difficult to endure than hunger; after having had a narrow escape when a war party of seven hundred Blackfeet were marching on Fort Edmonton to wreak revenge on the Cree-Assinaboines who had attacked a small trading party of their tribe, killing seven and wounding two, and who abandoned their punitive expedition at his bidding; after performing a journey of over a thousand miles to visit Father Tissier who for five years had not seen a brother priest, a journey attended by unusual hardships and illness, and undertaken solely as an act of fraternal charity, he had again to minister to the bodies and souls of the stricken Indians suffering from a virulent epidemic of small-pox, tending the sick up to midnight and burying the dead before sunrise—a battle against disease fought at St. Albert with such reckless devotion by four Oblates that they were all in turn laid low by it. The numerous graves he dug with his own hands. About thirty encampments were affected, and he estimated that over 2,500 Crees succumbed. In every camp on the plains some one was mourned. That year, 1870, we are told, is a year from which old-timers on the Saskatchewan date modern events, as previously along the Red River all dated from 1852, the year of the great flood.

"The great progress made by Christianity this summer," writes Miss Hughes,[10] "brought consolation to the Oblates after the scourge of small-pox had spent its virulence. Their absolute devotion to the Indian had not gone unrewarded. The pagan warriors were moved by the unpretentious heroism of the priests: it had shamed their own fear. The attitude of their dying friends enjoying religious consolation also had its effect. An item in the *Journal of St. Paul* records 2000 bap-

[10] Op. cit., p. 187.

tisms of adults and children on the plains that summer. Among the many conversions was that of Papaskis (Grasshopper), a noted medicine-man, who embraced Christianity when, on his prayer to the Christian God, his daughter, the wife of Chief Ermineskin,[11] was cured. But the conversion that delighted Father Lacombe most was that of his friend, Sweet Grass, the bravest and most esteemed among the Cree warriors—the Head-Chief of the whole nation of Crees."

Nothing could make Father Lacombe faint or falter in the great work to which he devoted his life. Writing to an Oblate in Montreal at a time when he was appealing to the Canadian house to secure aid for the missions, he says: "For my part, and I can say the same for my brethren of Saskatchewan and the north, we will die of hardships and privations before we will abandon our Christians and our poor catechumens. Already for a long time I have led the life of the Indians, and the greater part of each year I have been at their mercy: this will not then be anything new for me. Provided I have what is necessary to offer the Holy Sacrifice I do not ask anything else."

In the summer of 1871 he resolved to devote himself entirely to converting the Blackfeet,[12] dreaming of a Blackfoot Mission on the Bow River consecrated to Our Lady of Peace in remembrance of the promise they had given him to cease warring upon the Crees. From the questions they put to him, they seemed more interested in history than in doctrine. Finding that, unlike most savage tribes, they were to be won through their reason and not through their hearts alone, he ingeniously made a picture-catechism, which started with the Creation, went down through Bible history to the coming of Christ, and then through Church history, finishing with the close of our earthly pilgrimage, Heaven. The priests, who laughed but approved, called it "The Ladder", from its shape; and the name stuck. The Sisters of the Congregation in Montreal reproduced it in colors: he had sixteen thousand copies of it printed in France; and when it was shown to

[11] Still living on a reserve south of Edmonton.

[12] It was at Fort Edmonton, in 1845, that Père de Smet laid upon Father Thibault the mission of Christianizing the Blackfeet, a work which eventually fell to Father Lacombe's lot.

Pius IX the Pope ordered several thousand copies to be made, that they might be available for mission work among savage tribes in various parts of the world.

This work of predilection he had to lay aside for a year at the bidding of the Bishop of St. Albert who, nominating him his Vicar-General, sent him on a begging mission among the French Canadians to secure aid for the schools which the prelate regarded as "the important work, the only real means of civilizing our Indians."[13] After a brief campaign of begging, when he expected his recall to the West, he was sent to Europe to represent Archbishop Taché at the General Chapter of the Oblates. A copy of his "Ladder" which he presented to the Superior-General so pleased that dignitary that he recommended the publication of ten thousand copies.

"Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt," says Horace. Crossing the Atlantic did not change Lacombe. The sights of London and Paris did not dazzle him. Museums and historic buildings appeared to him "nothing . . . in exchange for our forests or our prairies or even our poor chapels." Cartier, the invalided Canadian statesman, Count Bassano, and others entertained him, but the visit to Archbishop Manning was to him the most impressive incident of his stay in London. "How this man pleased me!" he writes. "What a worthy bishop! I made him a present of one of my 'Ladders', and he seemed enchanted with this new plan of teaching the catechism." Speaking of our separated brethren, Manning urged him to love them as warmly even as he did his own people of the prairies, and to pray for them; "for I was one of them once," he added, "and I know how they believe in their souls they are right; so there is no blame for them that they do not see the truth." "Of course I have pray for them before," observes Father Lacombe in his quaint English, "but that was the firs' time I truly understand the Protestant, and I begin to love them—not only a few like Mr. Christie and Mr. Hardisty, my good friends, but all of them: to pity them and pray for them, because I love them." In Paris he met several distinguished people at Louis Veuillot's: made appeals in churches and seminaries but met

[13] Bishop Grandin was the originator of the existing system of Canadian Indian schools.

with little success though he worked "like a negro when not on the trains"; but was heartily welcomed in Brittany, for, the Bishop of Varennes assured him, "we Bretons love the Canadians; they are our brothers."

He was homesick for the plains. "Notwithstanding all the beautiful things which I have seen in this France and England," he wrote, "I have looked on sights as fine in the beautiful valley of the Saskatchewan or on the borders of some of our fine lakes. Say what you will, you cannot take this belief from me. I am writing you to-day from a nobleman's palace; but it is not as precious as my poetic tent in the wilderness, where I wrote on my knees my sermons in Cree and Blackfeet." Again: "I am thinking very much of our missions, and my imagination is continually with my dear friends, the Indians."

On his return to Montréal, notwithstanding his eagerness to go and civilize the Blackfeet, Father Lacombe became absorbed in work for Archbishop Taché, as whose representative it fell to his lot to visit Riel, then deranged and kept under supervision in an asylum. In 1874 he was recalled from a colonization campaign to be made parish priest of St. Mary's in the growing frontier town of Winnipeg, where a large log-building served as a church and residence for himself and his curate. His new parishioners did not compare favorably with the Indians. To some of the inhabitants his priestly garb was offensive; whereupon he would indignantly ask: "Why shouldn't I wear my soutane if I want to? We have done much to civilize this country wearing these soutanes: they are the Oblates' uniforms as soldiers of Christ. The policeman, the trainman, and the Queen's soldiers wear their uniforms, and no one objects. Why shouldn't I wear mine without remark?" His parish consisted of a mixture of all kinds of people,—Ontarians, Metis, Scotch, Irish, French, and some Indians. It was in his time Luxton started the *Free Press*. Seeing that he was prejudiced against our faith and the priests, Lacombe interviewed him: it was a case of —*veni, vidi, vici*. The Oblate and the journalist became fast friends; the latter defending later on the Catholics' claims to maintain their own schools upon their own taxes, if they so desired. When in 1899 Father Lacombe celebrated the

golden jubilee of his missionary labors, Luxton wrote to him: "Your humanizing work—not to mention the strictly Christian part—has been such that it cannot fail to command the admiration of all good men who know anything of what it has been."

His occupations continued to be various. With that of parish priest he had to combine the rôle of diplomatist, being invited by the Federal Government to be present as counsellor and friend of the Indians when, in 1877, the Blackfeet were being brought into treaty, as the Crees had been. In this way he played an important part in solving the Indian problem and rendered valuable service to the State.

His interest in the Indians never abated. The late General Sir William Butler (then Captain Butler) who met him at Rocky Mountain House in 1870, says: "He had lived with the Blackfeet and Cree Indians for many years, and I enjoyed more than I can say listening to his stories of adventure with these wild men of the plains. The thing that left the most lasting impression on my mind was his intense love and devotion to these poor wandering and warring people, his entire sympathy for them. He had literally lived with them, sharing their food and their fortunes and the everlasting dangers of their lives. He watched and tended their sick, buried their dead and healed the wounded in their battles. No other man but Father Lacombe could pass from one hostile camp to another—suspected nowhere, welcomed everywhere; carrying, as it were, the 'truce of God' with him wherever he went." It was, therefore, with poignant grief he heard of the destitute condition of the Blackfeet, after the total disappearance of the buffalo, the Indians' living link with the past and its meat their chief source of subsistence. "He had known them in their pride, kings of the open plain in their barbaric power, brave and proud, honorable and hospitable; dwellers in frail skin-lodges yet lords of all the outer world. Now he heard of them as miserable dependents upon the charity of mounted police and the missioners."[14] Father Scollen relates how they were devouring their dogs and had eaten the carcasses of poisoned wolves. A few of the aged died of starvation, and

[14] Katherine Hughes, op. cit., p. 244.

he had seen men leaving their lodges because they could not provide food for children wailing with hunger.

In 1879 he again represented Archbishop Taché at the General Chapter of his Order. Visiting Rome, he presented the Pope with a copy of his Cree-French Dictionary, and in Paris arranged for the publication of a new illustrated catechism for the Crees. Back in Winnipeg the next year and longing for the Indians, he was selected as the one man fit to serve as permanent chaplain to the workmen engaged in constructing the new Transcontinental Railway, the navvies being in a sadly demoralized condition owing to the presence of whiskey-peddlers and other evil influences. It was like trying to cleanse the Augean stables, but, though it was heart-breaking to witness so much evil and feel oneself at times powerless to grapple with it, the results of his ministry in the end were such that most of the contractors and the President of the Canadian Pacific personally expressed their appreciation of his remarkable services. His Lenten visits to the railways-camps covered all the territory between Port Arthur and Winnipeg. In the summer of 1881 the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor General, travelling by canoe from Thunder Bay, stopped to talk awhile with the bronzed, eagle-eyed missioner in the shabby black cassock. "He was unaware," says Miss Hughes, "that he held converse with one whose name would yet fill a larger place than his own in Canadian history." [15]

It was a trying ministry. Willing as his spirit was, there were times when the weakness of the flesh would make itself felt. The expression, "I want to rest," occurs more than once in his diary, and also jottings that show in what direction his heart and his thoughts were ever turning. "My God, send me back again to my old Indian missions; I am longing for that," is an entry eloquently suggestive. When he went to Winnipeg in March, 1882, he learned that at last he might return to his Blackfeet; although the Archbishop was reluctant "to send away an individual who does so much good," and left the decision to the Superior. When it was decided that he was to return West, the Archbishop in applying to the Canadian Provincial for another missionary priest refers to

[15] Op. cit., p. 257.

Father Lacombe as "my premier counsellor, my adviser, my Vicar-General, a missionary who speaks four languages, one who has thirty years of experience".

When he returned to the Indian field he found many changes had taken place. The buffalo were gone, and the Crees were no longer free and independent but officially restricted to reserves, mere patches of their old hunting grounds. "Father Lacombe," writes Miss Hughes, "could see the Indian of the morrow disregarded, uncared-for, unwelcome, thrust back farther and farther from his old territory. His heart brooded over it all, and he felt himself called to give the remainder of his life to their protection, as he had once given his years to their evangelization." Railways opening up the country and the increasing incursions of prospectors and fortune-seekers were rapidly changing the face of things. The red man was retreating before the white man; the old order was giving place to new. The social revolution, or evolution, which has marked the course of history all down through the centuries was taking place here as elsewhere. Civilization in its material aspects had not benefited the higher civilization. The drink abuse which it brought with it was completing the downfall of the native Indian, begun by the loss of their independence. The one great reproach repeatedly made by one of their chiefs against the whites was that liquor was continually used by them in the demoralization of the Indian women. In 1882 Father Lacombe found that whilst most friendly relations had been established between the priests and the Indians, there had been little progress made in evangelizing them. The Piegans and Bloods, therefore, learned with enthusiasm that the Man-of-Good-Heart was going to give the rest of his days to them. "Other Blackrobes," says Miss Hughes, "might be their friends and they could respect and love them, but the fearless, high-spirited, tender old man was their own; and they loved him greatly." She includes among the three great civilizing forces of Western Canada the scores of French Oblates who had devoted their lives to civilizing the Indians, and first and foremost of these being our Blackrobe voyageur. Canada owes him a debt of gratitude for the help he gave the makers of the C. P. R. when it was cutting its way across the prairies,

for his influence quieted the Blackfeet, indignant that grading was being done upon their reserve without their permission. She pays a passing tribute to the worth and work of the courageous men whose daring and enterprise created the Canadian Pacific, recognizing that there was more than money-making in their heads, a great faith and pride in the future of the Dominion. The men who were binding Canada together with rails of steel showed their estimate of the value of his co-operation; for when the arrival of the first train at Calgary was celebrated by toasts and speeches, Mr. Stephen (later Lord Mountstephen) resigned his position as President of the Canadian Pacific and Father Lacombe was unanimously voted thereto. For one hour the picturesque old missioner of the plains was by courtesy and vote of the executive the President of Canada's greatest corporation. It was he and President Stephen who first conceived the idea of the ready-made farm which attained successful realization in the Bow Valley in 1909.

With the white population taking a stronger hold upon the land, the establishment of Indian Industrial Schools became the dominant idea of Father Lacombe. Bishop Grandin had originated a campaign for schools in the mission he laid upon him in 1872. It appealed to him as the final phase of his own work for the West, and, though enfeebled now, he determined to carry it through at any cost to himself. He petitioned the Government for funds with the result that they authorized the establishment of three Industrial Schools—at Dunbow, south of Calgary, at Battleford, and at Qu'Appelle. At first the young Indians were about as much at home in them as wildcats in a beaver's well-ordered domicile; but the Grey Nuns who had volunteered as teachers, quickly secured control of the younger pupils and held their affections. This was the beginning of a system that has since spread throughout the West, an honest endeavor by men with the best interests of the Indians at heart to solve their problem. The schools were designed to bridge for the Indian the transition stage from barbarism, so that at least the children's children of the warriors of Natous and Sweet-Grass should be fit to cope with the Caucasian civilization that threatened to overwhelm their race.[16]

[16] Op. cit., pp. 290-1.

When the insurrection of 1885 was impending, when Riel was again in Canada and greeted by the Metis as a Napoleon returning from Elba, it was Father Lacombe who kept the southern tribes peaceful and telegraphed to Sir John Macdonald vouching for the loyalty of all the Blackfoot Indians at Carlton and the West. Until the rebellion ended he spent his time mostly out on the plains seeking to keep the Indians pacified. His name was one of the watchwords in the camp of the 65th Regiment sent from Montreal to quell the rising, as well as an open-sesame in the camps of the Crees and Blackfeet. His services in the interest of public welfare were generously acknowledged in public and private by various Canadian statesmen. It was with Father Lacombe and his Oblate brethren in mind that Sir John Macdonald said in a public address in England in 1886: "The finest moral police force in the world is to be found in the priesthood of French Canada." While taking the first census of the Blackfeet and their allies at the request of the Government, Father Lacombe did not forget the imprisoned Crees and Metis and procured the release of Chief Poundmaker and others, handing them over to the Oblates who took them north into their own country. On the invitation of Sir John Macdonald he returned with Crowfoot and others of the allied chiefs who had remained loyal to the Government. Everywhere the bronzed missioner and his Indian warriors were welcomed. At a public reception in Ottawa Crowfoot's fine manner and physique astounded the assembled multitude. At the close of his speech, placing his hand affectionately upon Father Lacombe's shoulder, and looking down at him, he said: "This man, *Arsous-kitsi-rarpi*, is our brother,—not only our Father as the white people call him, but our brother. He is one of our people. When we weep, he is sad with us; when we laugh, he laughs with us. We love him. He is our brother!"

The aphorism that love begets love was fully verified in Father Lacombe and his Indian protégés. The affection they cherished for him was cordially reciprocated. His life was one continual sacrifice for them. In one of his many missionary journeys he met a kindred spirit in Mother Katharine Drexel, of the Philadelphia Drexels, who had consecrated her life and fortune to the Indian and the Negro. When they

parted, the priest was richer by several hundred dollars given by the nun to be devoted to hospital work among the Indians. Much as he loved them, there were times when he could be stern with them as well. Miss Hughes gives an instance which shows not alone his sternness but his unsurpassed perception of the Indian character and how to influence it for the best. Five Indian Metis, three women and two men, in contact with low whites had sunk as low as mankind can sink toward the animal state, and flouted the old priest's appeals to lead more decent lives. Alluding to these black sheep and a mission at Calgary, he wrote to Father Legal: "On the eve of the closing I believed it my duty to make a final striking *coup d'éclat.* I covered the altar with the funeral pall and, to the sound of funeral knells tolling, I denounced and excommunicated five public sinners—three women, two men—after which we recited the *Miserere,* greatly impressing and astounding the whole assembly."

These Metis were never absent from his thoughts. One of the most absorbing solicitudes of his declining years was the rescue of the poorer class of Metis from contamination before it was too late. Having known them in their Golden Age, he would now gather them into some fertile corner of the West, remote from the influence of white men, their liquor and their scorn, where they would receive instruction in farming and elementary trades. He repeatedly urged the Government of Ottawa to grant sufficient land for the purpose. Mackenzie, listening one day to his ardent advocacy, exclaimed: "Your plan is an act of Christianity for you; for us it would be an act of patriotism." Writing to Bishop Grandin in 1895, he says: "We, the old missionaries, must not forget what we have done for the Metis and what they have done for us. For their fine attachment and devotion give them a right to our affections still, notwithstanding the demoralization of a great number. Let me expend what physical force and energy remains to me in laboring for this undertaking with which God has inspired me, and in which I have faith. It seems to me that Providence has preserved to me, at my advanced age, such measure of health as I have simply that I may undertake and carry through this work which to others may appear impossible and absurd." In a letter to the Hon. A. C. La Rivière, M. P., he

says, "Above all the souvenirs, happy and sad, of *le bon vieux temps,* above all my preöccupation with the future, hovers one thought which little by little is absorbing my mind entirely. Now I wish to make of the realization of this idea—of this dream, as some may perhaps maliciously call it—the business of the remainder of my poor life as a missionary. The Latins said that they feared the man who read but one book. *Timeo hominem unius libri. Moi,* I have but one plan, one supreme plan, and that is to secure to one unhappy race a place of peace and of sweet prosperity." There were then at least eight thousand Metis in the West, most of them poor, many of them demoralized. Having secured a Government grant of four townships of land, he begged money to help his Metis with their buildings and purchase of farm implements, and issued a circular letter in French, English, and Cree calling on the poorer Metis to take shelter in his new colony. "His letter," comments Miss Hughes,[17] "in its solicitude for the welfare of the half-breeds reveals with what poignancy the old priest's mind dwelt on what might be called the tragedy of civilizing the Indian—the gradual degradation of this child-race—brought out of paganism by Christianity as taught, on coming into contact with Christianity as practised by the majority." The burden of financing the scheme fell upon Father Lacombe alone. While some caught the contagion of his enthusiasm and entered warmly into his views, others were sceptical and derided the whole thing as Utopian. His friends, we are told, had been very generous to his appeals for funds, but there was necessarily a great deal of money required by a plan that comprised a chapel, a residence, a boarding school, a flour and saw-mill, implements, cattle and horses for the Metis and other assistance. When the colony had been three years established the Government sent an official to investigate and report on it. "It is wonderful," the report stated, "what has been done with so little money." Lord Aberdeen, then Governor-General, when it was submitted to him, wrote: "It is with much pleasure that I signed this Report, and I take this opportunity of offering cordial good wishes for the success of the scheme which has been devised with so much warm-

[17] Op. cit., p. 358.

hearted earnestness and practical sagacity by my friend, Father Lacombe."

When in 1901 he saw the condition of the Metis who hung about the poorer quarters of Winnipeg, many of whom had been brought to the town-gaol and into evil ways generally through alcoholism and its consequences, "*Pauvre Métis!*" he wrote, "how it hurts me to see them so demoralized. . . . But I will move heaven and earth to redeem them." What hurt him also was the indifference and lack of sympathy for the Metis among the whites. "He was himself," says his biographer, "splendidly loyal to this sad remnant of a people; and the more pitiful their condition, the more passionate an advocate he became, the more assiduously he sought them out and gave of his charity, spiritual and material." Nothing discouraged him; his faith and zeal never wavered. He attributes to the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Anthony of Padua timely assistance in the shape of a check for two thousand dollars from his noble friend Lord Mountstephen who wrote from London: "I think your efforts to train the young half-breeds to industrial habits so that they may be able to gain their own living, is an excellent thing to do and a truly religious work." In consigning the money to the bishop to be expended for the Metis colony, he says: "It is for this undoubtedly that the good Saviour prolongs my days, to aid in the completion of this redemption which appears impossible to all the world but ourselves."

In one of his letters he speaks of "sowing in tears and reaping in joy," and recalls how many times during his long life he had wept with grief, in hardships, contradictions and embarrassments, and shed tears in moments of joy and satisfaction. In the middle of January, 1905, his heart was wrung by a calamity which must have caused him to shed many silent tears. The big convent school at his Metis colony, which sheltered 120 children, was burned to the ground. Practically nothing was saved from the flames. One poor child was burned, and the nuns, who had repeatedly risked their own lives in bringing the children out of the convent, had several narrow escapes. It was the forerunner of other disappointments and disasters. Bad news received later from his colony drew from him this heart-broken letter: "Nobody to-day can

understand my trouble, my grief, my disappointment—I have only God for witness of my devoted desire to save this population. I will go down into the grave with this sorrow in my heart, repeating, '*Bonum est quia humiliasti me.*' My poor Metis! I see them to-day in the prisons, demoralized, about the cities begging for the leavings of the whites to nourish them and clothe their nakedness. And what is most sad is that, humiliated and debased by the whites, some do not venture to come to the divine services but remain drinking in their tents. I can only weep in secret over this deplorable state—not even before my brethren, who have no longer any sympathy for these disheartened Christians."

Still, hoping against hope in his colony of St. Paul until he was eighty-one, the aged missioner threw in his lot with his humble friends, the Metis, and strove might and main to save them despite themselves. But the superintendent, not endowed with his optimism, and daily brought face to face with facts, realized that it was no longer possible to continue the settlement on the basis planned by Father Lacombe. Many of the colonists had drifted back into the towns, to the city purlieus and their vicious allurements; others had gone to ordinary homesteads; while the eighty families that remained were well established on farms. The result was that community life was given up, the Metis were put upon the status of other homesteaders in the West, and in the spring of 1909 St. Paul de Métis as a protected colony ceased to exist. Father Lacombe was compelled to witness the failure of the one great undertaking of his life in which he had not succeeded.

Long before this, when the weight of advancing years weighed heavily upon him, feeling the need of rest, to compose his mind and meditate on eternity, he sought a retreat in the quiet foothills at Pincher Creek, which he called the Hermitage of St. Michael. Like the Curé of Ars, who wanted to go into some corner "to weep over his poor sins"; he wished to hide himself from the busy world and lead the life of a hermit. But Providence never meant him to be a recluse. However strong was his desire to part from the world, the world would not part with him. No superfluous veteran, he had still many parts to play upon its stage. When planning his retirement he had to go to Montreal to represent St. Albert

diocese at the fiftieth anniversary of the Oblates' arrival in Canada. Even when he went to his hermitage, he had soon to quit it again and again for one cause or another, his services in the mission field being in constant requisition. At one time it was to search for volunteer nurses for his Indian Hospital; at other and frequent intervals to be minister plenipotentiary of the Western bishops during the prolonged agitation over the Manitoba school question; for the direction of the school campaign, one of the most important events in the history of Canada, lay in his hands and those of the statesman-prelate of St. Boniface. Next he had to accompany his Superior-General, Père Soullier, on a tour of the Western missions; then to assume the pastorate of St. Joachim's, Edmonton, of which he says: "What a post for my white hairs!" calling his presbytery "the hotel of the diocese"—with a continual stream of callers, lay and clerical, going to and from St. Albert or the Northern missions. He was the man in the gap on all occasions, whether it was to negotiate with the Ottawa Government the construction of a bridge across the Saskatchewan at Edmonton or to be adviser to a Commission appointed to bring the Indians in the Athabasca and Peace River countries under treaty during the Klondyke rush in 1898. The Minister of the Interior, when the treaty was under discussion in Parliament, declaring: "Everyone who has lived in the Northwest for the last fifteen or twenty years, Protestant and Catholic, knows well that there is no man in the Northwest looked upon by the Indians with the same reverence and affection as Father Lacombe."

When the celebration of his sacerdotal golden jubilee on the banks of the Little Slave River, fifty years after old Bishop Bourget had ordained him for the missions of the West, was supplemented by a more imposing function at St. Albert, planned by Bishop Grandin and his coadjutor, Indians and half-breeds came long distances to camp about the Cathedral and assist at it. It was on this latter occasion that he received the name by which he is known to his friends on two continents, the *Datur-omnibus,*[18] the universal man, the man-of-

[18] In allusion to a vehicle in Papal Rome so inscribed, which wended its way from one end of the city to the other wherever trouble was. If anyone, innocent or guilty, was pursued or in danger he could take refuge in it; the driver being instructed to take the refugee to some place where he might await in peace the decision upon his case. It was a kind of ambulatory sanctuary.

all-work in the highest and broadest sense, a man after St. Paul's heart, the model missioner, *ad omne opus bonum preparatum*. A charming expression which he applied to his attached friend, Sir William Van Horne,—"he was beautiful in the little things of life"—might with equal truth be applied to himself. It was not only great causes and big events that appealed to him; he had as much at heart lowly offices and lowly people. Even when he was seventy-two he still claimed that his proper sphere, at the end of his days, was to be with the Indians and half-breeds. "It is so my destiny is written," he declared. His heart was a sanctuary in which the poor, the oppressed, and the sinful found refuge; whether it was the young Metis, Angus Morrison, hanged for the alleged murder of a Scotch settler, but who protested his innocence, and whom he prepared for death, or the young brave, Peter, accused of stealing horses, and who failed to realize that what would have been considered glory among the Indians was guilt among the whites. To plead for these wild waifs of the plains or to plead in Rome and Vienna with the Pope and the Austrian Emperor for Ruthenian priests and funds for the Ruthenians[19] who had come pouring into Canada along with the flowing tide of European settlers, drawn by the free farms in the West, he was just as ready. Journeys here and there over the wide Northwest, begging expeditions alternating with missionary work, and crossing the Atlantic to traverse Europe and the Holy Land hardly harmonized with his ideas of leading an eremitical life. "Am I then condemned to be always in motion?" he asks. He is always sighing for his

[19] He first met Pius X at a public audience. The Pope moved slowly between two lines of pilgrims, speaking a kindly word to each. When he came to Father Lacombe, Archbishop Langevin presented the Oblate missioner. "The two men," records Miss Hughes, "humble and good and great, looked into each other's eyes with mutual recognition of the fine soul of the other. It did not matter that their positions were as wide apart as the color of their robes—the snow white of the Pontiff and the somewhat rusty black of the missioner. The heroic son of the French Canadian *habitant* knelt for the blessing of the great son of the Italian peasant, and as he rose the Holy Father added, smiling: 'Well done! well done! *Ad multos annos!*' The Countess Melanie Zichy (née Princess Metternich), who arranged the presentation to the Emperor of Austria, in whom she said he would find, as he did, a man of sorrows, asked him, before he entered the throne room, where were his decorations. He smiled, and pulling out the brass crucifix of the Oblates, said, 'With this I have been decorated for fifty years: it is my only decoration.' 'You could not have a higher,' responded the Countess, who was quite moved."

hermitage, although his friend Van Horne repeatedly protested against his retirement. "When it is given to one like you to kindle the love and reverence of everybody you meet," he put it to him, "is it right that you should bury yourself in a hermitage? Surely not." When repelling some newspaper attacks during the heated controversy on the Manitoba school question he wrote: "To my great regret circumstances have thrown me into this atmosphere so foreign to my habits. Only obedience and duty sustain me in the midst of these contradictions." "On est ermite ou on ne l'est pas," he used to say. "*Me voilà*—again a hermit," he writes exultingly from Pincher Creek. "Alone on the top of my hill with my dog and my cat again, I say to myself 'It is so one is a hermit!' I go into church to visit my one neighbor, who is also my kind Saviour, and I repeat the prayers and the office of hermits." He was at rest and content although very poor, having had to sell his horse and the mission-wagon to pay some debts. When in the thick of the Manitoba school crisis he writes: "I sigh for my hermitage. Is it possible that those who pretend to be my friends plan only to separate me from it?" It was to him an oasis in the midst of what he calls "an arid and burning wilderness of unpleasing politics". When he decided to join the Commission to bring the Crees, Chipewyans, and Beavers into treaty relations with the Government, he wrote to Bishop Legal: "There is no more repose for me. May the good Saviour have pity on me! . . . This is doubtless the last service I will render our Congregation and my country.—As God wills!" People wondered that he was not made a bishop; but as the Bishop of St. Albert expressed it, God, who directs all with wisdom, has willed that he should be free, that he should lend himself to all and for all." They kept him constantly going. He was a living realization of perpetual motion. "When shall I ever have repose or tranquillity?" he writes almost plaintively to Bishop Legal.

When, at length, a vicarial council, in 1904, gave him leave to retire from Calgary, where he had seen the log mission grow into a populous and prosperous parish, he exclaimed: "*Hourrah pour le Hermitage quand même!*" It was in a tumbledown condition. In a few years he exchanged from it to the Lacombe Home for orphans and the homeless aged of Alberta,

the realized dream of the old missioner himself, for which he collected 30,000 dollars, but which has cost double that amount. It is most fitting for the venerable priest, whose big heart has always glowed with charity, to end his days in the midst of those whom he has gathered together under the capacious mantle of that same charity. After crossing lakes, and seas and oceans so often, he can now say with the Latin poet: *Inveni portum.* There is only one other port he has to enter, for he has not yet crossed the bar. Meanwhile he is content, dwelling in the home he made for the homeless. "His feet," says his biographer, "no longer burn to go on long journeys; but, incessantly active still, he wanders about his habitation and its precincts,—searching among his new protégés for a cause in which he may benevolently meddle. It is here, he says, with the poor of Alberta, with *his* poor, that he shall close his eyes in the last sleep."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Cork, Ireland.

Analecta.

S. CONGREGATIO INDICIS.

DECRETUM.

Feria II, die 5 maii 1913.

Sacra Congregatio eminentissimorum ac reverendissimorum sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalium a sanctissimo Domino nostro Pio Pp. X sanctaque Sede apostolica Indici librorum pravae doctrinae, eorumdemque proscriptioni, expurgationi ac permissioni in universa christiana republica praepositorum et delegatorum, habita in palatio apostolico Vaticano die 5 maii 1913, damnavit et damnat, proscripsit proscribitque, atque in Indicem librorum prohibitorum referri mandavit et mandat quae sequuntur opera:

ANNALES DE PHILOSOPHIE CHRÉTIENNE (*fondées par A. Bonnetty*), *Secrétaire de Rédaction L. Laberthonnière, Paris, 1905-1913.*

HENRI BRÉMOND, *Sainte Chantal* (1572-1641). *Collection "Les Saints", Paris, 1912.*

CE QU'ON A FAIT DE L'ÉGLISE. *Étude d'histoire religieuse, avec une supplique à S. S. le Pape Pie X, Paris.*

Itaque nemo cuiuscumque gradus et conditionis praedicta opera damnata atque proscripta, quocumque loco et quocumque idiomate, aut in posterum edere, aut edita legere vel retinere audeat, sub poenis in Indice librorum vetitorum indictis.

Quibus sanctissimo Domino nostro Pio Pp. X per me infrascriptum Secretarium relatis, Sanctitas Sua Decretum probavit, et promulgari praecepit. In quorum fidem etc.

Datum Romae, die 8 maii 1913.

FR. CARD. DELLA VOLPE, *Praefectus.*

L. * S.

THOMAS ESSER, O. P., *Secretarius.*

SUPREMA S. CONGREGATIO S. OFFICII.

(SECTIO DE INDULGENTIIS.)

I.

DECRETUM: CHRISTIANA SALUTATIO SUB INVOCATIONE DIVINI IESU NOMINIS AMPLIORI INDULGENTIA DITATUR.

Ex audientia Sanctissimi die 27 martii 1913.

Etsi pervetusta piissima consuetudo, inter christianos plurimis in locis invecta, sese invicem salutandi sub Ssmi Iesu Nominis invocatione, qua nimirum alter dicit: *Laudetur Iesus Christus*, alter vero respondet: *Amen* vel *In saecula*, aut similiter, iamdiu apostolicae Sedis favorem adepta sit, et Indulgentia quinquaginta dierum per Summos Pontifices ditata; ut tam frugifera praxis impensiori studio, ubi viget teneatur, ubi autem obsolevit restituatur, alibi demum large propagetur; Ssmus D. N. D. Pius div. prov. Pp. X, precibus Sibi, occasione sextodecimo recurrentium saecularium solemnium a pace Ecclesiae donata, porrectis benigne annuens, Indulgentiam centum dierum, defunctis quoque adplicabilem, a singulis christifidelibus quoties uti supra se invicem salutaverint lucrandam, largiri dignatus est. Praesenti in perpetuum valituro, absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

L. * S.

✠ D. ARCHIEP. SELEUCIEN., *Ads. S. O.*

II.

DECRETUM: AUGENTUR ET EXTENDUNTUR INDULGENTIAE PRO QUADAM LAUDE SS.MI SACRAMENTI.

Die 10 aprilis 1913.

Ssmus D. N. D. Pius div. prov. Pp. X, per facultates infrascripto Cardinali S. Officii Secretario specialiter tributas, benigne concedere dignatus est, ut christifideles, qui laudes et gratiarum actiones erga D. N. I. C. in Ssmo Eucharistiae Sacramento impendunt, iaculatoria prece quae sic sonat: *Laudetur et adoretur in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum,* vel quae in authentica sylloge Indulgentiarum invenitur his verbis expressa: *Sia lodato e ringraziato ogni momento il santissimo e divinissimo Sacramento,* ampliori spiritualium favorum emolumento gaudere valeant, quam antea frui poterant alteram recitantes; videlicet: Indulgentia trecentorum dierum, defunctorum animabus etiam adplicabili, quoties dictam alterutram precem corde saltem contrito recitaverint; plenaria, vero, defunctis similiter adplicabili, quatenus per integrum mensem eandem quotidie elicere consueverint, si insuper confessi ad sacram Synaxim accesserint et ad mentem Summi Pontificis oraverint. Praesenti in perpetuum valituro, absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis non obstantibus quibuscumque.

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

L. * S.

✠ D. ARCHIEP. SELEUCIEN., *Ads. S. O.*

SACRA CONGREGATIO DE RELIGIOSIS.

VERSIO AUTHENTICA DECRETI DE MONIALIUM ET SORORUM CONFESSIONIBUS.

A DECREE REGARDING THE CONFESSIONS OF NUNS AND SISTERS.

Whereas to present date many laws have been promulgated. in various times and circumstances, to regulate the sacramental confessions of Nuns and Sisters: therefore, it has now been determined to collect and coördinate all these laws, with some modifications, in one Decree of the following tenor, to wit:

1. To each house of Nuns or Sisters there shall usually be assigned only one ordinary Confessor; unless the great number of Religious, or some other just motive, necessitates the appointment of two or more.

2. The ordinary Confessor should not, as a rule, hold this office for more than three years. The Bishop or the Ordinary, however, may reappoint him for a second or even third term of three years:

(*a*) if through lack of priests suitable for this duty he cannot otherwise provide an ordinary Confessor; or

(*b*) if by secret ballot a majority of the Religious (counting also those who in other matters have no right to vote) request his retention. But some other way must be provided for the dissentients, if they wish it.

3. Several times every year an extraordinary Confessor must be given to each religious house. All the Religious must appear before this extraordinary Confessor, at least to receive his blessing.

4. For each religious house the Ordinary will assign several priests whom the Religious in particular cases can easily send for to hear their confessions.

5. If any Religious, for the peace of her soul or greater progress in spiritual perfection, ask for a special Confessor or Spiritual Director, the Ordinary has readily to grant her demand. The Ordinary, however, will see to it that abuses do not arise from such concession; and if abuses should come, let him cautiously and prudently remove them, always safeguarding liberty of conscience.

6. If the house of Religious is subject to the Ordinary of the place, he is to choose both the ordinary and extraordinary Confessor; but if the convent is subject to a Superior who is a Regular, then this Superior will present priests for the office of Confessor to the Ordinary of the place, to whom it belongs to grant them the power of hearing confessions.

7. For the office of Confessor (whether ordinary, extraordinary or special) priests may be chosen from the secular, or (with the permission of their Superiors) from the regular clergy, provided that in neither case they have power *in foro externo* over these same Religious.

8. These Confessors should have completed their fortieth year and be distinguished for prudence and integrity of life. But the Ordinary may, through a just motive and on his own responsibility of conscience, delegate for this office priests who have not yet reached the age specified, provided that they have the other afore-mentioned requirements.

9. The ordinary Confessor may not be appointed an extraordinary Confessor; nor may he, except as provided in Article 2 of this Decree, be reappointed as ordinary Confessor in the same house, until one year has elapsed from the expiration of his term of office. An extraordinary Confessor, however, may be immediately appointed to the office of ordinary Confessor.

10. All Confessors of Nuns or Sisters must be very careful not to mix in the external or internal government of the community where they hold office.

11. If any Religious request an extraordinary Confessor, no Superioress may, either personally or through others, either directly or indirectly, enquire into the reason of the request, or refuse the petition by word or deed, or in any way show that she tolerates it unwillingly. Should a Superioress fail in this regard, let her own Ordinary admonish her; and upon a second offence let him depose her, after having first consulted the Sacred Congregation of Religious.

12. The Religious are forbidden to talk among themselves in any way about the confessions of their companions in Religion, or to criticise those Sisters who confess to one other than the designated Confessor. In case they violate this prohibition, they must be punished by the Superioress or the Ordinary.

13. If the special Confessors called to a monastery or religious house perceive that the Religious have no just reason of necessity or spiritual profit to demand special Confessors, let said Confessors dismiss the Religious prudently. All Religious are also admonished to use this privilege of asking for a special Confessor only for their spiritual good and greater progress in religious virtues, apart from all human considerations.

14. When Nuns or Sisters are outside their own house, no matter what the reason, they may confess in any church or

oratory, even semi-public, to any Confessor approved for both sexes. The Superioress may not forbid this, or enquire about it, even indirectly, and the Religious are not bound to mention the fact to their Superioress.

15. Any Nun or Religious, when seriously sick, although not in danger of death, may call any priest approved for hearing confessions, and she may confess to him as often as she wish during this serious illness.

16. This Decree must be observed by all religious families of women, whether of solemn or simple vows, or Oblates or other pious communities not bound by vows, even though the Institute be merely diocesan. This Decree also binds communities under the jurisdiction of a Prelate Regular; and if he do not see to it that his subjects faithfully obey this Decree, the Bishop or Ordinary of the place shall himself, as a Delegate of the Apostolic See, enforce its observance.

17. This Decree must be added to the rules and constitutions of each and every religious family of women and publicly read in the vernacular once a year in a chapter of all the Religious.

Therefore our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, having heard the mind of their Eminences, the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, assembled in plenary Congress at the Vatican the thirty-first day of January, 1913, has deigned, after the report of the undersigned Secretary, to approve and confirm this Decree in all its parts and to order that it be published and faithfully observed in the future by all whom it concerns.

All dispositions whatsoever, even though worthy of special and individual mention, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, from the Secretariate of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, the third day of February, 1913.

FR. J. C. CARD. VIVES, *Prefect.*

L. * S.

✠ DONATUS, ARCHB. OF EPHESUS, *Secretary.*

ROMAN CURIA.

PONTIFICAL NOMINATION.

29 April. Mgr. Serafino Banfi, of the Diocese of Southwark, made Honorary Chamberlain.

Studies and Conferences.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman Documents for the month are:

S. CONGREGATION OF INDEX publishes a decree, 5 May, condemning three works.

S. CONGREGATION OF HOLY OFFICE (Section of Indulgences): 1. The Invocation "Praised be Jesus Christ" is enriched with greater indulgences.

2. The ejaculation "Laudetur et adoretur in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum" receives more ample spiritual favors.

S. CONGREGATION OF RELIGIOUS gives the authorized English translation of the Decree on the Confessions of Nuns and Sisters.

ROMAN CURIA gives recent Pontifical appointment.

SOME RECENT EPISCOPAL ARMS.

I. ARMS OF THE BISHOP OF LEAD.

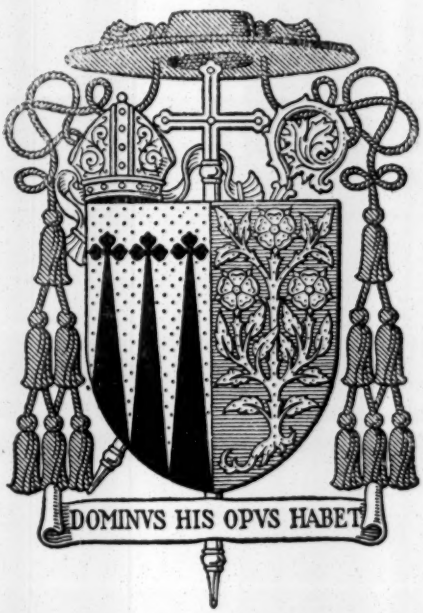
Impaled.[1] Dexter: Or, three piles from base each terminating in a trefoil sable (See of Lead). Sinister: Azure, a rose-bush with three flowers 1 and 2 or (Busch). The three sable piles represent the "Black Hills" of the Diocese, the trefoils honor St. Patrick, Patron of the Cathedral Church, and the Blessed Trinity. The rose-bush is expressive of the Bishop's patronymic, the flowers also being among the several beautiful attributes of Our Lady. The amateur of heraldry may be interested to compare the several different methods used by medieval heralds, before the decay of the art and the introduction of essentially unheraldic "landscape arms", to represent mountains and hills in abstract forms. Compare the "trimount" in the arms of the See of Boston[2] and in the arms of the Order of St. Benedict,[3] the "chief

[1] "Impaled" means that the shield is divided vertically, each half being called an "impalement" and holding a complete, independent coat-of-arms. "Dexter" and "sinister" refer always to the bearer's, not the onlooker's, right and left.

[2] ECCLES. REVIEW, July, 1911, p. 5.

[3] Ib., p. 10.

dancetty" of the arms of the See of Burlington,[4] which cuts the top of the field into three green mountains; and now these three piles of the See of Lead, purposely chosen for their elongated shape—there being no subsidiary figures to make room for—to satisfy the constant medieval desire for perspicuous "pattern" effects. All three methods are based upon



medieval precedent. A surprising number of arms could also be adduced on which the chevron is used for this purpose, to the confusion of heraldic sciolists who, from the sixteenth century on, have tried to assign to these various simple charges the most arbitrary and fantastic "symbolism".

II. Arms of the Bishop of Cheyenne.

Impaled. Dexter: Per fess embattled gules and or, two crosses-pattées counterchanged (See of Cheyenne). Sinister: Argent, an oak-tree on a mound vert; on a chief azure a crescent between two stars argent (McGovern). The etymology

[4] Ib., p. 7.

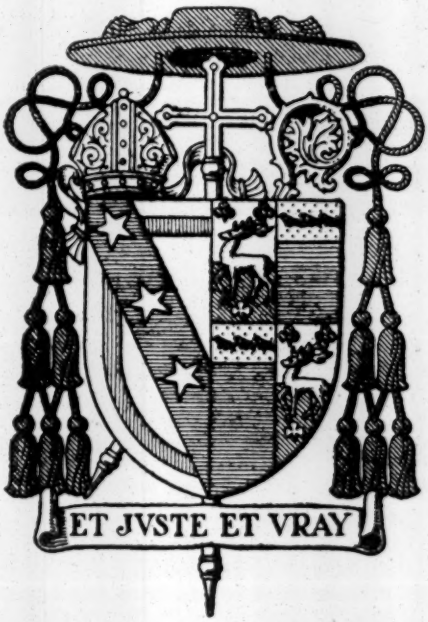
of "Cheyenne" is somewhat obscure: some authorities derive it from an Indian word meaning "red" and, by extension, "enemies". However, red, or "gules", will serve perfectly well as the chief part of the field of the diocesan coat. The earliest settlement in the present diocese was at Fort Laramie, where several bloody fights took place. By dividing the field horizontally by an "embattled" partition line and making the lower half of the field of metal, we represent, abstractly, of course, as is the nature of heraldic design, the wall of a

fort against a crimson sky. This wall, then, is marked with a red cross of the Faith, while above it appears in the sky a golden cross,—a complete little homily delivered in the simplest terms of a medieval "counterchanged" pattern. The sinister impalement is the family coat of the Ordinary.

III. Arms of the Bishop of Richmond.

Impaled. Dexter: Argent, an orle (dimidiated) gules, over all on a bend azure three stars of the field (See of Richmond). Sinister: Quarterly, 1 and 4 Per fess argent and vert

between three trefoils counterchanged of the field a stag trippant proper (O'Connell); 2 and 3 Azure, on a chief or three martlets gules (Wray). Here, as in the case of the arms of the Sees of New Orleans[5] and Toledo,[6] a study has been made of arms already connected with the name of the See city, and these arms have been Americanized. The town of Richmond in Yorkshire bears: Gules, an orle argent, over all a bend ermine,—that is, a red shield with a narrow silver border set



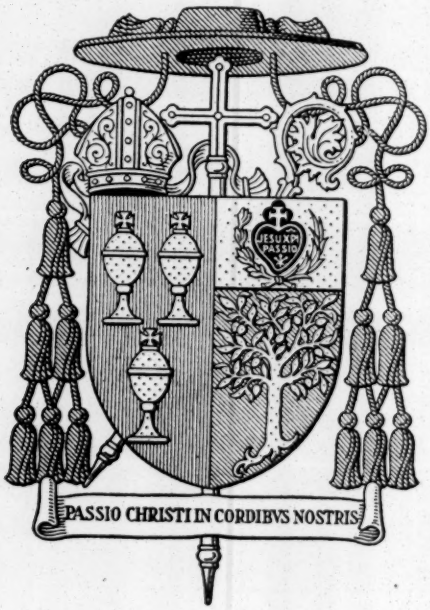
in from the edge, and a broad diagonal stripe of ermine crossing field and border. For the American Richmond, following an early method of "differentiation", the tinctures of field and orle are simply reversed. The tincture of the diagonal "bend" must now be changed; at once blue suggests itself as completing the Americanization and as the most appropriate background for the silver star of Our Lady, which should certainly appear on a Virginia ecclesiastical coat. Instead of a single star, which would satisfy mere logic, three

[5] ECCLES. REVIEW, January, 1912, p. 90. [6] Ib., p. 93.

are used for added beauty of effect, the number itself (as in the case of the three French lilies) always honoring the Blessed Trinity. The Ordinary's impalement is the first example among our American bishops of a quartered personal coat meaning precisely what quartering should mean,—an armigerous paternal and maternal inheritance. The Bishop's motto is that of the Wray family.

IV. Arms of the Bishop of Corpus Christi.

Impaled. Dexter: Gules, three ciboria, or "covered cups", or (See of Corpus Christi). Sinister: Vert, a nut-tree or; on a chief or the emblem of the Congregation of the Passion



(Nussbaum). The Body of our Lord has been represented in heraldry in four different ways. First, by an actual effigy. In every classic instance known to me, where the history of such an ecclesiastical shield is traceable, the appearance of the effigy is due to its use on a pre-heraldic, hagiological seal. The earliest episcopal seals show first the bishop alone, later the bishop kneeling and above him, in a canopy, a Divine

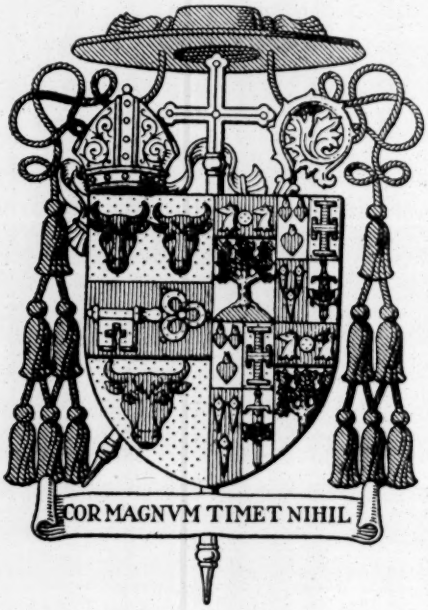
Person or Patron Saint; sometimes more than one. With the rise of heraldry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, these episcopal seals gradually, and more slowly than lay seals, became heraldic. The Divine Person or Patron Saint was now often represented on a *shield* by attributes rather than by effigies: Saint Peter by the keys, Saint Paul by the sword, etc. The reason for this is clear. A shield was an actual weapon of defence: no reverent person would be willing to submit a shield decorated with a sacred effigy to the blows and scars of a scrimmage,—and not a few bishops were doughty warriors themselves or contributed their quota of fighting men bearing their own heraldic cognizance. Again, a prelate often was, and is, buried beneath a pavement, the stones or tiles of which are decorated with his arms and are constantly, and not irreverently, walked over. The arms of Pius X in beautiful mosaic decorate the pavement of one of the bays of Saint Peter's, Rome. Now no devout Catholic would care to walk upon a picture, say, of Our Lady; and there would be no theoretical possibility of this if the truth had always been recognized that heraldry and hagiology or iconography are wholly distinct matters not lightly to be confused. The most cursory study of the authentic arms of the Popes, the Heads of Christendom, would by a simple inference convince the student of the impropriety, so clear to a trained herald, of regarding a shield as a fitting medium on which to display a sacred effigy. The papal arms from those of Lucius II on, are happily free from the slightest indication of this pious confusion.

A second way in which the Body of our Lord has been indicated in heraldry is by the chalice and host; a third by the ciborium or "covered cup"; and a fourth by the monstrance. This last is of very late introduction in ecclesiastical heraldry, and as it is without precedent in the heraldry of the "great period", was rejected. The Chalice and Host are open to the same objection as the effigy: the theoretical first purpose of the shield—to receive and ward off blows—and its possible decorative use on pavements, faldstools, etc., must not be forgotten. The ciborium, however, completely guards the Corpus Christi, and is among the oldest and best of heraldic charges. It was with unerring delicacy and soundness of judgment chosen for

the diocesan arms, from among the four possibilities, by my heraldic colleague, the Rev. J. A. Nainfa, S.S., of the Catholic University. And here again, as with the Richmond stars, three were used for added beauty of pattern, and in honor also of the Blessed Trinity. The arms of the Ordinary are simple *armes parlantes* (Nuss-baum). The use of the Passionist emblems on a gold "chief", establishing a precedent for future Passionist prelates in America, has been carefully studied.

V. ARMS OF THE BISHOP-ELECT OF MATANZAS.

Impaled. Dexter: Or, on a fess between three bulls' heads caboshed gules a key fessways of the field (See of Matanzas). Sinister: Quarterly; I and IV Argent, an oak-tree on a mound



proper, on a chief gules a bezant between two greyhounds' heads erased argent (Currier); II and III quarterly, 1 Argent, three hearts enflamed gules; 2 Or, a cross potent azure; 3 Gules, three passion-nails or; 4 Argent, the inferior half of a Catharine-wheel gules enfiled with a sword in pale proper, the

hilt up or (Heyliger). The name of the See, "Matanzas", is the Spanish for "abattoirs", hence the bulls' heads, again to the number of three for reasons already enunciated; the key of Havana is the old heraldic symbol of the island, beside being of appropriate ecclesiastical significance for the diocese. These arms I owe to the scholarship and ingenuity of Father Nainfa. The arms of the Currier family are quartered with the old Dutch coat, already itself quartered, of the Heyligers, from whom the Bishop maternally descends. These last are, again, *armes parlantes*, a combination of distinctly saintly ("heilige") emblems. The motto is that of the Heyliger family.

PIERRE DE CHAIGNON LA ROSE.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE BALTASSAR OF DANIEL V.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Who is the Baltassar of the Book of Daniel? I suppose every reader of the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW has at some time or other asked himself this question and was at a loss for a satisfactory answer, or was content with the explanation afforded by a time-honored footnote in our Douay Bible to the first verse of the fifth chapter of Daniel. This informs us that the enigmatical Babylonian king "is believed to be the same as Nabonydus, the last Chaldean king, a grandson to Nabuchodonosor," and that he is called Nabuchodonosor's son "according to the style of the Scriptures, because he was a descendant from him." A similar attempt at identification can be found in all the older German Catholic editions of the Bible. Father Augustine Arndt, S.J., retained it in his first edition of Allioli, but has since replaced it, in the fourth edition of his own translation of the Vulgate, by a more plausible one.

According to Father Arndt, who follows in this matter the current text-books of Babylonian history, Baltassar was the son of Nabonid and bore the title of king of Babylon because he commanded the troops of his father in that city at the time of the Persian invasion. This explanation is quite plausible at first sight, but it will not bear close scrutiny: it does as much violence to the text of the sacred narrative as did the

old Douay one. Webster's New International Dictionary (1911) calls Belshazzar the last king of Babylon, son of Nebuchadnezzar, and says that he was slain by the Medes and Persians. This explanation harmonizes with the Bible account at least in so far as the parentage of Baltassar is concerned. The following attempt to solve the Baltassar problem lays claim neither to originality nor to finality. It was suggested by certain passages in Ernest Lindl's *Cyrus*[1] and an able article in the January number of the *Linzer Quartalschrift*.

Lindl says: "Unless we discover a cuneiform inscription which tells us that Nebuchadnezzar had a son named Belsazar, who shared the kingdom with his brother Evil-Merodach, the Belsazar problem must remain unsolved." Why wait for the discovery of a cuneiform inscription? Does not inspired history tell us that Nebuchadnezzar had a son called Baltassar? Not once but no less than seven times is Baltassar called the son of Nabuchodonosor:

Daniel 5:2: "And being now drunk he (Baltassar) commanded that they should bring the vessels of gold and silver which *Nabuchodonosor his father* had brought away out of the temple, that was in Jerusalem."

5:11: (The queen-mother says to Baltassar) "There is a man in thy kingdom that hath the spirit of the holy gods in him: and in the days of *thy father* knowledge and wisdom were found in him: for *king Nabuchodonosor thy father* appointed him prince of the wise men, enchanters, Chaldeans, and soothsayers, *thy father*, I say, O king."

5:13: "And the king spoke, and said to him: Art thou Daniel of the children of the captivity of Juda, whom *my father the king* brought out of Judea?"

5:18 (Daniel said to the King): "O king, the most high God gave to *Nabuchodonosor thy father* a kingdom, and greatness, and glory, and honor."

5:22: "Thou also *his* [Nabuchodonosór's] *son*, O Baltassar, hast not humbled thy heart, whereas thou knewest all these things."

Baruch 1:11-12: "And pray ye for the life of Nabuchodonosor the king of Babylon, and for the life of *Baltassar his son*, that their days may be upon earth as the days of heaven, and that the Lord may give us strength and enlighten our eyes, that we may live under the shadow of Nabuchodonosor the king of Babylon, and under the shadow of *Baltassar his son*."

[1] *Karakterbilder der Weltgeschichte.* Mainz, Kirchheim.

There can be absolutely no doubt that the Baltassar of the fifth chapter of Daniel was the son, and not the grandson, or son-in-law, or some distant relative, of Nabuchodonosor. Neither can there be any question of his having been, in the full sense of the word, king of Babylon, for the queen-mother says to him (5 : 11) : " There is a man in *thy* kingdom " ; and he himself says to Daniel (5 : 16) : " If thou art able to read the writing, and to show me the interpretation thereof . . . thou shalt be the third prince in *my* kingdom."

But which one of Nabuchodonosor's successors can be meant by Baltassar? The prophet Jeremias (52 : 31) mentions Evilmerodach as king of Babylon, and places the first year of his reign in the thirty-seventh year of the captivity of Joachin, king of Juda, that is, about 560 or 561 B. C. From other sources we know that Evilmerodach succeeded his father Nabuchodonosor on the throne of Babylon and reigned from 562-559.[2] Evilmerodach was dethroned and murdered by his brother-in-law Neriglissor (Nirgal-shar-ussur), who is no doubt identical with one of the Neregel-Serezers mentioned by Jeremias (39 : 3) and must therefore have been well advanced in years when he became king of Babylon. After a reign of about four years, Neriglissor died (a natural death, to all appearances) and was succeeded by his son Laborosoarchod (Labasi-Marduk), a mere child, who was put to death before he had worn the crown a year. One of the conspirators, Nabonid, the son of a certain Nabu-balatsu-ikbi, took possession of the throne, which he occupied till his defeat and deposition by Cyrus in 539 B. C. Babylon fell into the hands of Gobryas and the Persians on the sixteenth day of the month of Tammus (June-July) ; Nabonid was not put to death, but pardoned and subsequently made satrap of one of the Persian provinces. On the third day of the month of Marchesvan (October-November) Cyrus made his solemn entry into Babylon, welcomed by the inhabitants as their deliverer. Eight days later, according to the Babylonian Chronicle, Gobryas ordered the execution of the son of Nabonid, whom an inscription of Nabonid calls Bel-sar-ussur.

Here we have the Baltassar of Daniel, the reader will say; but a moment's reflexion will make him reconsider his hasty

[2] See Knabenbauer, *Comment. in Dan.*, p. 156.

conclusion. In the first place, the Baltassar of Daniel was slain before the fall of Babylon, the same night that the handwriting appeared upon the wall; the Bel-sar-ussur of the Babylonian Chronicle was, on the contrary, put to death four months after the fall of the city. Secondly, the Baltassar of Daniel is the son of Nabuchodonosor, whereas the Bel-sar-ussur of the Chronicle, being the son of Nabonid, is no relation whatever of Nabuchodonosor. Thirdly, Bel-sar-ussur, the son of Nabonid, could not have said to Daniel: "Art thou Daniel of the captivity of Juda, whom my father the king brought out of Judea?"

Sacred history, as we have seen, knows of but one son of Nabuchodonosor—Baltassar, for whose life the Jews of Jerusalem were asked to pray (Baruch 1: 11), and who, as king of Babylon, gave the banquet that ended so tragically (Daniel 5); sacred and profane history calls the immediate successor of Nabuchodonosor on the Babylonian throne Evilmerodach, profane history adding the information that he was the son of Nabuchodonosor. Does not the conclusion force itself, as it were, upon us, that Evilmerodach, and no other, is the Baltassar of the fifth chapter of Daniel? Baltassar (Bel-sar-ussur) signifies, according to the Assyriologists, "Bel protect the king." That this name was a favorite one amongst the Babylonians is evidenced by the fact that it was bestowed on Daniel by the master of the eunuchs (Dan. 1: 7). What was to prevent Evilmerodach from assuming it in addition to his own? Or, what was to prevent Baltassar (if that was the original name of Nabuchodonosor's son) from assuming the surname Evilmerodach, which means "the man (of the god) Merodach?"

But what of the events related at the end of the fifth chapter of Daniel? Does not the inspired writer give us to understand that the slaying of Baltassar and the succession of Darius the Mede to the kingdom were contemporaneous events? Not at all. With verse 30: "The same night Baltassar the Chaldean king was slain," the sacred writer ends his account of Baltassar: the first and second part of the mysterious writing were fulfilled—God had numbered the kingdom of Baltassar, and had finished it: the impious king had been weighed in the balance and had been found wanting. Verse 31: "And Darius

the Mede succeeded to the kingdom (original text and Septuagint: received the kingdom), being three score and two years old," tells of the fulfillment, twenty years after, of the third part of the writing on the wall: "Thy kingdom is divided, and is given to the Medes and the Persians." This is a direct introduction to chapter 6, which begins with the words: "It seemed good to Darius, and he appointed over the kingdom a hundred-and-twenty governors to be over his whole kingdom."

In this way, it seems to us, the difficulties so persistently raised, not only by rationalistic but also by Catholic historians and exegetes,[8] in regard to the fifth chapter of Daniel can be solved without straining in the least the literal meaning of the sacred text.

GEORGE METLAKE.

ST. PETER'S "MOTHER-IN-LAW."

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Was St. Peter married?

Yes.

What do the Scriptures say about his wife?

Nothing.

How, then, do we know that he had one?

Jesus cured Peter's mother-in-law. If he had a mother-in-law, he must have had a wife. The sick woman would not have been called his mother-in-law, unless he had married her daughter.

Does mother-in-law in the Scriptures mean the same thing as with us?

Yes, about the same. However, from the time of their engagement the woman was considered his wife, and her mother his mother-in-law. So a Jew often got a mother-in-law a year or so before his actual marriage.

Was Peter's wife present when her mother was cured?

No.

Why not?

Probably because she was dead. The fact that the Evangelists know nothing about her does not prove that she never existed, but, at most, that she was non-existent then.

[8] Professor Holzhey's *Special Introduction to the Old Testament* was forbidden to seminarians by the Consistorial Congregation last June and later on put on the Index. One of the reasons for this action of the Sacred Congregation is that the Freising professor calls in question the authenticity and historical fidelity of the Book of Daniel and places its composition in the time of the Machabees.

Is it certain that the woman whom Jesus cured, in the house of Peter and Andrew, was a mother-in-law?

Certainly. Is'nt she called Peter's wife's mother?

Is she? Well, that settles it. Nothing could be clearer. Why, if she is called his "wife's mother", in that name his wife is mentioned.

This was the substance of a conversation between a friend and myself some years ago. My questioner asked no more questions. However, to be ready to answer all future questions, I looked up the Greek text. There the sick woman is called Peter's *penthera*. If that word means a wife's mother and nothing else, the question is settled. If it does not, we have no means of proving that Peter was married.

Does "Penthera" mean "a Wife's Mother"?

This word is used nowhere else for a wife's mother; how then do we know that it may have this meaning here?

We have the masculine form of the word, *penther-os*, which shows us its meaning.

In Greek, English, and in all languages, we have many parallel words, differing only in gender, e. g., actor, actress; author, authoress; heir, heiress; host, hostess, etc.

If English should die out, and most of its literature perish, as happened with Greek, from the masculine forms we would know the meaning of the feminine forms.

From the masculine *penther-os*, we know the meaning of the feminine *penther-a*. *Pentheros* means a wife's father, a brother-in-law, a son-in-law, a step-father, etc.; so the parallel feminine form *penthera* must mean a wife's mother, a sister-in-law, a daughter-in-law, a step-mother, etc.

So Peter's *penthera* could have been his wife's mother; but she may have been his step-mother or some other relative.

Since the word has so wide a meaning, it is impossible to tell just what this woman's relationship to Peter was.

In Clement of Alexandria's time there were heretics who considered marriage sinful. If the Christian apologist could only prove that Christ chose some Apostles who were married, he would have silenced them. He said that St. Peter and St. Paul were married. His reasons were worthless; but they were the best that he had. Greek was Clement's language,

yet he never cited the cure in Peter's house to prove that the Apostle had a mother-in-law, and therefore that he was married.

A wife for Peter did not appear on the scene until about a century after St. Peter was dead.

J. F. SHEAHAN.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

WHAT A PASTOR CAN SUGGEST TO THE CATHOLIC WOMEN OF HIS FLOCK TO PREVENT MIXED MARRIAGES.

The question how to counteract the evil of "mixed marriages", which sometimes result in the total loss of faith on the part of the Catholic, or cause dissension, if not alienation, in the home-circle, has been discussed in the REVIEW from the pastoral standpoint in various ways. Excellent suggestions have been made as to the manner in which a pastor may use his influence and especially the opportunity given him to eliminate prejudice and laxity in the candidates by inducing them to go through a preparatory course of instruction regarding the obligations of the marriage state. This method, already introduced in several dioceses, has, as statistics have shown, resulted in bringing about conversions which would have been practically impossible after the union of the dissenting parties had taken place.

A new solution of the problem is presented in a community in the Swiss parish of Willengen, Canton of St. Gall. The movement is most creditable to the women folk of the place and we may presume to their parish priest, who must have been its inspirer. To understand the peculiar situation from the religious viewpoint it is to be remembered that the government of the Swiss Cantons is in politics known as liberal democratic. On the whole the influence of the law is against any professed religion, with the result that the prevailing atmosphere among the men of the Catholic districts is indifferentism. According to article 49, Code 1847, of the Swiss Federal Law, the father of the family, or whoever represents him in the case of orphaned families, has the right to determine the religion of the children of "mixed marriages". The Church is free to exact the customary *cautiones* or prom-

ises in such cases from the non-Catholic party, but the civil courts would not only not enforce such contract if the Protestant party chose to violate it, but would decide under ordinary circumstances against the Catholic party.

One result of this system is that in those parts in which the Catholic and Protestant people are fairly divided, the men are nearly all Protestants or infidels, while the women, following in most cases the religion of the mother, are Catholics. This combination, while not satisfactory to either party, threatened to become permanent, to the detriment of religious and social advancement. The women had perhaps the advantage in possessing a positive faith, which demands from them conformity and practice, often with considerable sacrifice; whereas the men were in a more or less negative attitude by reason of religious indifference growing out of the Protestant system of private judgment. The initiative, therefore, of altering this condition of things naturally devolved upon the women.

They proved themselves equal to the task. "Realizing," says the *Ave Maria,* which reports the instance from the London *Standard,* "the evils generally resulting from mixed marriages, the marriageable girls, the young women and widows of Willengen, formed an association with the object of not marrying under any circumstances a Protestant suitor, that is, unless he was willing to change his religion. The association excited curiosity, which its members were at all times ready and willing to relieve. The men began to think. A great interest in religion was awakened. Those who at first are most reluctant to consider the condition laid down, naturally make the best husbands and the best converts."

It is a commonplace of observation that if a young man really loves a girl, and she lets him understand that before she can entertain any thought of uniting her life to his for good he must examine her religion, so as to put aside every prejudice arising from ignorance of it, she can easily induce him, if he be a reasonable man, and one who would be likely to make a woman happy in marriage, to go with her through a brief but thorough course of instruction under the guidance of the priest or some intelligent lay catechist. Under such circumstances a proper presentation of the Catholic truth to a well-intentioned man must lead to the union of faith in both

parties and thereby give a guarantee of a good understanding and the blessing of a Catholic household. The Swiss maids not only know their power over the heart worth engaging to, but they show also a singularly intelligent appreciation of their faith. With a conscientious and wide-awake priest to lead them they will not only convert the male population of the town, but draw by their example others to court a like blessing where similar conditions favor the danger of mixed marriages.

THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

A missionary priest writes to us making a plea for uniformity in our teaching children the chief acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, since thus a frequent renewal of them at missions, etc., is more easily effected.

Another priest sends us a pretty picture with an act of contrition, in form of a prayer, printed on the back. He writes:

Let our Brothers, Sisters and Priests teach the children what an act of perfect contrition is, and how it purifies the soul from the guilt of sin.

Thus instructed, when confronted with danger, when conscious of sin, these souls will instinctively employ this easy method of seeking shelter and safety in the Sacred Heart.

The same prayer, printed on the back of a little picture, will go where a priest may not or cannot go, and, if recited with heartfelt dispositions, will recall to the Good Shepherd the sheep that had gone astray.

Distributed by doctors, nurses, neighbors, among even our separated brothers face to face with death, this same prayer will often serve to open Heaven's Gate for the truly endangered soul.

With such power for opening the treasures of God's Mercy, the act of perfect contrition is most properly called the "Golden Key to Heaven".

THE "GOLDEN KEY" TO GOD'S MERCY.

At the close of the day, and in the time of danger, say to God:

O my God! I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins above all evils, because I dread the loss of Heaven and the pains of hell; but most of all, because they offend Thee, Who art infinitely good in Thyself and deserving of all my love. I firmly re-

solve, with the help of Thy grace, to do penance, to amend my life and to sin no more. Amen.

"Within Thy Saviour's heart
Place all thy care:
And learn, O weary soul,
Thy rest is there."

ABOUT WAX CANDLES.

Qu. During the past few years quite a controversy has arisen over the difference of views among the clergy and local manufacturers of wax candles, as to the percentage of pure beeswax required for use in the Mass. Must the *maximum part* of the material employed in the manufacture of the candle be absolutely pure beeswax?

Resp. The Roman Missal mentions as a defect in the celebration of Mass the absence of wax candles.[1] From the words employed in the liturgical blessing of these candles, and for symbolical reasons, it is clear that this wax is intended to be the pure product of the bee. "Domine sancte qui . . . jussu tuo per opera apum hunc liquorem ad perfectionem cerei venire fecisti."[2]

But the difficulty, in many places, of obtaining pure beeswax, and of safely using it in heated churches where the unmixed wax is apt to melt quickly, causing a bending of the candles and danger of fire, has called for a certain mitigation of the rubrical prescription. Hence concessions have been made from time to time to suit the circumstances of different places.

The most recent official statement, applicable to the United States and other countries similarly circumstanced, is embodied in a decision of the S. Congregation of Rites in reply to a request of a number of bishops who had represented to the Holy See the practical difficulty of obtaining and using pure beeswax. The decision states that, "in view of the alleged difficulty, the law requiring that candles placed upon the altar be absolutely and entirely (*omnino et integre*) of beeswax is to be mitigated, so that other matter of a vegetable or animal nature may be added to the wax. The Holy See

[1] De defect. X. 1.
[2] In festo Purific. B. Mariae V.

wishes however that the bishops see to it (*pro viribus curent*) that the two candles used at low Mass, and the Paschal candle, as well as the candle used for the solemn blessing of the baptismal water, be in greater part ("maxima parte") of beeswax. The other liturgical lights on the altar are likewise to be of wax ("in majori vel notabili quantitate"). The distinction between "maxima parte" and "majori vel notabili parte" is significant, although it hardly permits of a strict line of demarcation. Nor is it easy to determine the exact percentage expressed in "maxima parte". Sixty-five per cent of beeswax has been deemed a proper and safe proportion by some manufacturers. In England and Ireland "Altar candles" are stamped on the base with the guaranteed percentage mark of beeswax. This practice might be recommended to American manufacturers for the security of clerical purchasers. Thus Altar Candles are advertised — *Beeswax candles guaranteed* 75% (red stamp), 65% (yellow stamp), 25% (green stamp). The S. Congregation adds that the matter is to be left in the hands of the Ordinary, and that the clergy are to abide by his ruling without feeling obliged to investigate the quality of the candles on their own responsibility. For the better guidance of our readers we add the Decree:

DECRETUM DE CERA ADHIBENDA IN S. LITURGIA.

Decretum: Nonnulli Antistites a Sacrorum Rituum Congregatione semel atque iterum reverenter postularunt: An attenta etiam magna difficultate, vel veram ceram apum habendi, vel indebitas cum alia cera commixtiones eliminandi, candelae super altaribus ponendae omnino et integre ex cera esse debeant apum; an vero esse possint cum alia materia seu vegetali seu animali commixtae?

Et S. Rituum Congregatio, in Ordinario Coetu, die 29 Novembris, hoc vertente anno, in Vaticanum coadunato, omnibus perpensis, una cum suffragio Commissionis Liturgicae, anteacta decreta mitigando, rescribere rata est: Attenta asserta difficultate, *negative* ad primam partem; *affirmative* ad secundam, et ad mentem. Mens est ut *Episcopi pro viribus curent, ut cereus paschalis, cereus in aqua baptismali immergendus, et duae candelae in missis accendendae, sint ex cera apum, saltem in maxima parte;* aliarum vero candelarum quae supra altaribus ponendae sunt, materia in majori vel notabili quantitate ex eadem cera sit oportet. Qua in re parochi aliique rectores

ecclesiarum et oratoriorum tuto stare poterunt normis a respectivis Ordinariis traditis, nec privati sacerdotes, missam celebraturi, de qualitate candelarum anxie inquirere tenentur.

Atque ita rescripsit die 14 Decembris 1904.

PUBLIC PROCESSIONS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Qu. Is there any decree of recent date from Rome forbidding processions of the Blessed Sacrament in the streets, as, for example, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, when the Blessed Sacrament is carried publicly?

Is there any restriction in regard to walking in ecclesiastical vestments through the public streets, for instance, on occasion of funerals, etc.

Resp. There are no general decrees forbidding processions of the Blessed Sacrament or on occasions of funerals, etc. On the contrary, they are quite in harmony with the spirit of the liturgy.

But they may not be held anywhere without the permission, either tacit or expressed, of the Ordinary. This stands to reason, since any ecclesiastical function outside the church proper must take account of the circumstances and surroundings, which may easily render the public exhibition of religious devotion a hindrance to public order. The Ordinary, therefore, is to be consulted, as it belongs to him to regulate the public worship and to determine all that relates to time, place, and other circumstances of functions to be held outside the church, even though they are prescribed by the rubrics or have the sanction of immemorial custom in other places. The Ordinary moreover is supposed to be familiar with the civil regulations which must be respected.

Ruling such cases we have not only the general canon law and good sense, but numerous authoritative decisions. "Episcopum horam Processionis, tum SSi. Sacramenti quum aliarum quarumque processionum, suo arbitrio indicere posse declaravit, et intimari facere Clero, magistratu et aliis quibuscumque interesse habentibus, qui omnes ordini et mandatis Episcopi obedire tenentur."[1] "Ordinationes publicarum et solemnium Processionum spectare ad Archiepiscopum, et illo

[1] S. R. C., 17 June, 1606.

absente ad ejus Vicarium." [2] "An Processiones fieri possunt extra ambitum ecclesiarum absque licentia Episcopi, etc.? *Resp.* Negative, nisi adsit licentia Episcopi." [3]

THE ORDER OF CEREMONIES IN CONDITIONAL BAPTISM.

Qu. When a convert to the faith must be baptized *sub conditione*, may the priest follow this order: Abjuratio, Confessio sacramentalis, Baptismus conditionalis, and lastly Absolutio conditionata? The Ritual places confession after Baptism; but it seems to me there is a later declaration which insists upon the order as above stated. Which is correct? J. W.

Resp. There is a declaration of the Sacred Office [1] which, for the sake of accidental convenience, permits an inversion of the order prescribed by the Ritual: "*Poterunt* ad majorem functionis ecclesiasticae facilitatem, prius audiri sacramentaliter quoad eorum culparum accusationem. Deinde, post collationem baptismatis sub conditione, confessarius, iterum reassumptis per summa capita cum poenitente eis, de quibus jam accusationem fecerit, absolvat sacramentaliter pariter cum conditione." The chief point in the legislation of the Ritual, as well as in the limitation by the Holy Office (as contained in the words "iterum reassumptis per summa capita," etc.) is to safeguard the unity of the sacramental confession and absolution, both of which affect only persons already members of the Church by baptism. This is to be kept in mind, especially when by accident a considerable interval occurs between the confession and the baptism with its subsequent absolution (sacramental) *sub conditione*.

THE "VENI CREATOR" BEFORE THE SERMON AT HIGH MASS.

Qu. Will you kindly inform me just where I can find a definite authoritative statement of the fact that it is forbidden by the Sacred Congregation of Rites to sing "Veni Creator" immediately before the sermon at High Mass? W. N. W.

[2] S. R. C., 14 May, 1672.
[3] S. R. C., a SS. Pont. confirmat., 12 January, 1704.
[1] 2 Dec., 1874—Coll. 1426.

Resp. There is no decree of the Sacred Congregation prohibiting the chanting of "Veni Creator" immediately before the sermon at the High Mass.

Some years ago a letter was published in some diocesan journal, and copied by a number of Catholic papers, to the effect that one of our Bishops had asked the S. Congregation about the propriety of interrupting the Mass by the (lengthy) chanting of the "Veni Creator", etc. The Bishop had received an answer stating that there is no need to sing the "Veni Creator" before the sermon at High Mass, since the "Munda cor meum" recited by the celebrant before the Gospel serves the purpose of an invocation, intended for the preacher also (even if he be not the celebrant of the Mass). There was nothing official about this communication, as we pointed out at the time (ECCL. REVIEW, October, 1896, p. 432), and it is not recorded in the collection of authentic decrees.

DO RELIGIOUS RECITING THE LITTLE OFFICE B.V.M. IN CHOIR CONFORM TO THE NEW RUBRICS OF THE BREVIARY?

Qu. 1. Are Religious who recite daily the Little Office B. V. M. in choir obliged to conform to the regulations of the new rubrics and thus shorten the psalms of Lauds?

2. During the three days (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) of Holy Week, when there is a special Office, and the Little Office of the B. V. M. is omitted, do the Religious who are obliged to recite daily the Office of the B. V. M. say Vespers on the eve of Holy Thursday? I ask because there are no second Vespers assigned for the Office of Our Lady on the one hand, and on the other, the Office of Holy Thursday begins with Matins, said on the eve.

Resp. 1. Since the "Parvum Officium B. M. V." has been inserted in the new Breviary, thus becoming the norm for the recitation of the Little Office B. V. M. in choir, it follows that the latter adopts the changes officially made by the new rubrics. If no general and authoritative law has been made to this effect it is because the obligation of reciting the Parvum Officium B. M. V. is not the same as that imposed for the greater canonical hours to which those in Sacred Orders are bound; and whilst the Constitutions of the various Religious Communities impose the recitation of the Little Office

as a duty, it is not binding *sub gravi*. For the rest, it may be taken for granted that the new office books for Religious Communities will at an early date introduce the change adopted for the Roman Office, and already indicated in the authorized Breviary.

The change in the present case involves nothing more than the omission of three psalms at Lauds; that is: Psalms 66 (following Ps. 62), and Psalms 149 and 150 (following Ps. 148).[1]

2. As to the obligation of reciting Vespers on the eve of Holy Thursday, we believe it is the same as for other days on which the Office of the B. V. M. is recited in choir. For, although the Breviary does not assign special second Vespers for the Little Office, because the latter ordinarily begins with first Vespers, the absence of a special form of second Vespers could not sanction the omission of the liturgical hour itself on any day of the ecclesiastical year. That is to say, the Church requires us to supply the Vespers because she expects us to say evening prayers (Vespers and Complin) on every day of the year. Since Holy Thursday has no first Vespers, and the Lament Office of that day begins with Matins, the form of the Church's evening prayer for Wednesday will have to be supplied from the ordinary Vespers; accordingly, in the case of the " Parvum Officium ", from the regular Vespers of the Little Office, which for once become second Vespers of that perpetual or continuous feast of Our Blessed Lady which religious communities are privileged to celebrate in reciting daily the Little Office.

RESPONSES AT THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL IN A MISSA CANTATA.

Qu. Would you please let me know, through the columns of the REVIEW, whether in a Missa Solemnis et Cantata it is proper for the choir to respond " Deo Gratias " and " Laus tibi, Christe " after the

[1] In his recent Commentary on the *Divino Afflatu*, the Cistertian P. Trilhé writes on this point: " On s'est demandé quelle était la situation juridique, vis-à-vis de la nouvelle reforme, des instituts religieux dans lesquels on récite, en vertu des constitutions, le petit office de la S. Vierge. Il paraissait évident que les instituts qui récitent cet office tel qu'il est au Breviaire Romain, devaient se conformer à la nouvelle reforme. . . . Telles sont les solutions qui ont été données, parait-il, par la S. Congregation pour un Ordre religieux de femmes: mais nous n'avons pu nous procurer le text officiel du décret." (Ch. XVIII, 27.)

Epistle and Gospel respectively? By responding I mean chanting or singing the above-mentioned responses.

Resp. Although an old custom exists in many of our churches to chant the responses referred to, there is no warrant for the practice in the liturgy. This, though it designates the responses to be sung by the choir for the other parts of the solemn service, makes no mention of "Deo Gratias" after the Epistle or of "Laus tibi, Christe" after the Gospel. Moreover, the practice of singing these responses does not exist in the churches of Rome or other places where the liturgical chant is carried out in accordance with the rules of the Gradual, Kyrial, etc.

"DOMINE, SALVUM FAC REGEM."

Qu. The new Office contains among the Preces on ferial days the invocation "Domine, salvum fac Regem". Are we who live under a Republican Government to omit this invocation?

Resp. The word "Rex" in the prayer referred to stands for one who rules or directs, as is frequently the sense in the classics; for example, "rex" for "rector" (Hor. I, carm. 36, 8); or simply a leader—"is quem nobis veluti in patronum eligimus, quem sequimur" (Martial, Lib. 11, 18). Hence it may be fitly applied to the president of a republic, or the governor of a state.

Criticisms and Notes.

BODILY HEALTH AND SPIRITUAL VIGOR. A Book for Preachers and Teachers. By William J. Lockington, S.J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1913. Pp. 138.

LES PRINCIPES DE LA VIE SPIRITUELLE. Par le R. P. Jos. Schryvers, C.SS.R. Albert Dewit, Bruxelles. 1913. Pp. 590.

"Health of the soul in holiness of justice is better than all gold and silver; and a sound body, than immense revenues" (Eccles. 30:15). This thought of the Wise Man—so well confirmed by the experience of all the ages—is the *motif* of the present neat little volume. The wisdom of the ancient sages proclaiming the sane soul's demand for a sound body is shown to be further established by the insistence of the Christian saints, notably the founders of religious orders, SS. Benedict and Ignatius, the Bernards, the Francises, and the Teresas. Those who have not read good Saint Benedict's Rule —that Rule which Bossuet calls "an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of the Gospels, of all the institutions of the Fathers, of all the counsels of perfection"—may not be aware of the wise provisions it contains for the bodily as well as the spiritual well-being of its subjects. If the monks were to work, they were adequately to eat. Think of it! "a pound of bread daily and two dishes of cooked food at each meal"! "The habits worn are to fit the wearer, be sufficiently warm, and not too old." Again, each of the brethren is to take "from six to eight hours of unbroken sleep daily, with the addition of a siesta in summer"; each likewise is to have "a blanket, a coverlet, a mattress and a pillow"! But these are only some of the most obvious illustrations of how wisely the Saints provided for the body—other folks' bodies especially; they didn't seem always to mind so much their own—reflecting in this care one of the fundamental truths of Catholic philosophy on the unity of man's nature; for if that nature is one, made up of two essential coefficients, it cannot but be that due care should be taken of each constituent; otherwise disaster must befall the whole.

The little volume before us tells wherein this proportionate care consists and how it may best be carried on. Sound, sane advice is given to clerics, especially to preachers and teachers, on bodily discipline. The advice is made eminently practical, graphic, by abundant illustrations. Not every man can of course get himself into all the positions that are figured in these cuts. Standing on one's hands or

bringing one's heels over the head to the back of the neck can be gracefully effected by only very youthful clerics. But bodily discipline is not equally relished by all alike, and there is abundant material here for easy selection. The weakest and the strongest can make their choice to suit their respective abilities. The book will do much good for soul as well as for body, nor will it fail, let us trust, to disabuse some minds of the idea that disregard of bodily well-being is a condition, if not an essential, of holiness; or the other no less dangerous prejudice that adequate reasonable care of the body, if carried out with the proper spirit and intention, does not of itself include thorough discipline of the soul.

The foregoing text shows how to lay down and preserve the natural foundations of the spiritual life. It teaches the *art* of bodily health in view of spiritual vigor. The second book above reduces the spiritual life itself to a systematic science, a science which, though objectively evolved from the forces of divine grace, has its abode in the human agent that is constituted of a spiritual soul informing a material organism. While, then, the art of hygiene takes care of the body, the science of spiritual vitality directs the whole man that he may form and use his body so as to be an apt instrument unto the perfecting of his soul. There is no end of books treating of the spiritual life; but there will always be room for another such as the one before us. The author will be best known to our readers through his *Manuel d'Économie politique,* the English translation of which has been introduced to them in this REVIEW. When a writer on economics produces a book on the spiritual life it is apt to be objective. And this is surely verified in the present case. Father Schryvers studies the spiritual life in its *essential* principles: (1) the *final*—the love of God transforming the Christian unto the *likeness of the model* Christ, and through Him, God; (2) the *efficient,* the human *will-faculty* informed by the supernatural virtue of *charity;* (3) the *formal,* the supernatural *actions* of the person which constitute the means to the end; (4) the *material,* the natural man in so far as he comes under the discipline of his will informed by grace. These are the fundamental lines. Familiar, of course, they are to the student of Scholasticism applied to the guidance of the soul. He will not therefore look for anything *essentially* new in the work at hand. At the same time, if he wants a thoroughly systematic presentation, solidly established, lucidly expressed, and animated by that genuine unction and spirit of piety which relieve the exposition from being didactic—all this he will find in Father Schryvers' volume. Valuable features of the book worthy of special note are the various analyses and the abundant bibliography.

"THE PRAISE OF GLORY". Reminiscences of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, a Carmelite Nun of Dijon, 1901—1906. Authorized translation by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. From the fifth French edition. With Introduction by the Rev. Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D., of St. Luke's Priory, Wincanton. Washbourne: London; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1913. Pp. 288.

It is a remarkable fact that the still sanctity developed in the cloistered Orders is capable of exerting on the outside world a far wider and deeper influence than the beneficent activity of heroic souls that spend themselves in labors which are open to public appreciation, and which in their immediate effects herald themselves abroad. Holiness, of course, follows the laws of concentration; it gathers power by confinement, the confinement of love which, directed toward the First Cause of all things, takes on the attribute of omnipotence belonging to that Cause. But it does not seem essential that this concentration should be hidden from the world. One can love in the open, even though virtue is shy of demonstrativeness, for the true lover forgets all else when enthusiasm or ardor is enkindled in the heart. Yet it is the echoes mostly of this hidden love exercising itself in heroic charity within circumscribed confines that reach apparently farthest into the world, and retain a most intense influence upon those whom they have reached. Probably no Order more than the Carmelite has been of recent years so blest with that type of sanctity which blooms like a fresh young flower for a brief time, giving its sweet fragrance to those around it, and then vanishes from earth to reappear as a shining star in the fair heavens, to be gazed at in admiration whilst it sheds its benignant and beautiful light upon a world which hardly suspected anything from the modest little flower hidden in the cloister. Within a few years we have seen the martyrs of Compiègne canonized; then a young Carmelite nun of Beaune, the Venerable Marguerita of the Bl. Sacrament, captivated the attention of thousands who had no thought for holiness in other ways. Next the "Little Flower" of Lisieux, with her joyous simplicity and exuberant poetry, and Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity rise up almost simultaneously as illustrations of a spirit that seems to pervade the Carmelite Community.

It is hard to believe that this quality of holy living is confined to France, though there is something in the very grace of the French nature, in its delicate perceptions of beauty, that seems to imply a peculiar attraction for swift sacrifice in the religious life. But as an offset to this we have the ready appreciation which

Carmel in France has in various ways received in England, as shown by the publications undertaken by the Stanbrook nuns. With a blessed liberality that befits the Benedictines, and with a literary skill that is in keeping with the traditions of the old Order in which religious sanctity first took its form of conventual life, they prove that the particular genius of holiness that characterizes the daughters of St. Teresa in France to-day is not of one particular country or Order, but has its charms alike for beautiful souls everywhere aspiring to the love of God.

"The Praise of Glory" is the title which Sister Elizabeth took for herself as an incentive to virtue. It had come to her when reading St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, who twice repeats the thought that "we are predestined unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ for *the praise of the glory* of God" (Eph. 1:6 and 12). Meditating upon this thought, the young nun seized the expression "Laudem Gloriae" and with the eagerness of love, forgetful of the faulty grammar, she adopted the name *Laudem Gloriae*. "Happy," says a Jesuit writer in commenting on this fact, "the souls who have only faults of grammar to repent of." She was born in 1880, the daughter of a French army officer, Captain François Joseph Catez. Entering the Carmelite convent at Dijon in 1901, she made her profession in the January of 1903, and died after an illness of eight months, 9 November, 1906. Surely a brief life in religion. It was also an apparently uneventful life; and nothing might have been known of her, but for the fact that those who had had glimpses of her treasured the happy memory to such a degree of admiration as to call upon the nuns in whose midst she had spent her brief religious career to give them details. These, it was felt, could not but be edifying to the circle, first of her own religious in other convents, and then to a larger circle of those to whom sanctity is a grace to be shared by contact. The records were mostly confined to letters which Sister Elizabeth had written to her mother, to a devoted sister in the world, to one or two priests who had guided her in finding happiness in religion, and to a very few other friends who had sought her aid in the spiritual life. Of her diaries there remained one, accidentally preserved and giving an intimate insight into her communings with God during times of Retreat. Her desire of annihilation in God had urged her to destroy all other reminiscences that might direct attention to herself.

If there is any particular aspect of virtue by which her life in the community can be characterized, it is that of happiness in her desire for suffering for the love of Jesus. She was a passion flower in its early purple freshness, with all the glow of radiant sunshine

upon it, and fragrant with the delicate perfume of a fair spring morning. Teresa of the Holy Child Jesus, the Little Flower of Lisieux, was her senior by six years, and died nine years before her. They had much in common, though they did not personally know each other; but, as Fr. Zimmerman says in his Introduction, there was this difference between them, as appears in their photographs: "The Little Flower looks merry, Elizabeth looks happy."

The book is sure to be widely read and appreciated, and gives blessed proof that sanctity is blooming in a thousand places where we do not suspect it; and that in an age when the common comforts of life seem to have banished the possibility of heroic self-denial as a rule of life. The translation of this volume gives evidence of the literary judgment requisite for a true rendering not merely of the exquisite peculiarity of the French idiom but also of the poetic gifts reflected in the writings of the "Praise of Glory." It is pleasant as well as edifying reading.

ST. GERTRUDE THE GREAT. London, Edinburgh and Glasgow: Sands and Company. B. Herder: St. Louis, Mo. 1913. Pp. 241.

The latter half of the thirteenth century produced two great saints of the Benedictine Order who stand as the perpetual models of all religious communities by reason of their special endowments, as the exponents of the spirit of prayer and contemplation. They were St. Mechtildis and St. Gertrude, sisters alike in blood and in religion. Neither of them was canonized by any process that tested their heroic qualities of virtue, but both bear the title by a tradition that has the unquestioned sanction of Popes and historic devotion. The present biography is a study of the spirit of St. Gertrude as manifested in her piety to the Sacred Humanity of Christ. The scanty historical setting had to be supplied from data suggested by the writings of the Saint. These are five books of "Insinuationes divinae pietatis." The Solesmes Benedictines have published an edition under the title of *Legatus divinae pietatis*, which contains the well-known *Revelationes Gertrudianae*. Besides this we have her *Exercitia Spiritualia*, giving an insight into her special love of the Blessed Sacrament, and her devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and to the Communion of Saints.

But the keynote to the present life of the Saint is her character as an apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. In this she anticipated Blessed Margaret Mary, the Venerable Jeanne Guillen, and the Blessed John Eudes. The fact is brought out in an interesting and enlightening Introduction to the Life by Dom Gilbert Dolan, of the Benedictine Priory of Little Malvern. The volume makes a handsome contribution to modern hagiography for popular use.

THREE YEARS IN THE LYBIAN DESERT. Travels, Discoveries, and Excavations in the Menas Expedition. By J. C. Ewald Falls, Member of the Expedition. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. With sixty-one illustrations. B. Herder, St. Louis. Pp. 356.

In 1905 Mgr. C. M. Kaufmann, a German priest and archeologist, undertook, in company with the author of this volume, an expedition into the Lybian Desert. The purpose of the journey was to trace the ruins of a once prosperous Christian settlement under the patronage of St. Menas (Minas or Mennas). The Saint had been a Roman officer under Diocletian, but, after his conversion to Christianity, he embraced the eremitical life and was put to death toward the end of the third century on his daring to enter the arena at the Roman games to denounce the barbarous cruelties of the sport in which Christian martyrs were often the victims. The relics of the Saint were taken to Egypt, and buried in the neighborhood of Mareotis, where pilgrims from all parts of the East flocked to his tomb. Numerous merchant caravans, passing on their way south and west from Egypt, gave rise to settlements in the district. Thus came about the erection of the magnificent monastic buildings and a number of shrines and churches in the very heart of the desert. After nearly fourteen centuries of neglect the ruins of these once prosperous pilgrim stations were discovered by a young French explorer, of Alexandria, named Pacho, who gave the world his story in a volume entitled *Relation d'un voyage dans la Marmorique*, published in 1827. In 1875, W. Junker, the African traveller, crossed the Auladali desert, and came upon traces of these ruins. Finally Professor Hartmann, the Berlin Orientalist, in the course of a journey for the purpose of linguistic researches in the same region, had his attention attracted to the ruins in question. They were in fact those of a city now called Bumna or Abumína, or, in the Arabic legends, Karm Abu Mina, "the Vineyard of Father Menas."

Mgr. Kaufman's excavations during a sojourn of nearly three years in the Lybian Desert brought to light two basilic foundations and a votive church, with baths and fountains, the water of which, having wondrous curative powers, similar to those of Lourdes, were conducted to the centre of Menas near-by. The results of the expedition were published in three installments. The present account is not Mgr. Kaufmann's, but a description by Ewald Falls, his cousin and companion, of the incidents of the journey through the desert. The story is replete with pleasant and instructive details, and is well told in its English form. The volume is beautifully illustrated and printed.

The original plan of the expedition had been, it appears, to visit Cyrenaica, a similar ancient settlement in the northern part of the Sahara. The troubles between Italy and Turkey in Tripoli, however, made it impossible to obtain protection for travellers from the Turkish authorities, and the party had to return to Europe. Passing by way of Athens to Alexandria, they entered the desert from the east.

HIERARCHIA CATHOLICA MEDII AEVI sive Summorum Pontificum, S. R. E. Cardinalium, Ecclesiarum Antistitum Series ab Anno 1198 usque ad Annum 1431 perducta. E Documentis tabularii praesertim Vaticani collecta, digesta, edita per Conradum Eubel, S.T.Doct., Ord. Min. Convent. Definitorem Generalem, olim Apostolicum apud S. Petrum de Urbe Poenitentiarium. Editio altera. Monasterii: Libraria Regensbergiana. 1913. Pp. 559.

A new edition of the *Hierarchia Catholica* so soon after the publication of the third volume, was hardly to be expected. The capable author, P. Eubel, has taken occasion of this reissue, of which we have here the first volume, to introduce some important corrections into his work. In his preface he says: "In hac primi voluminis altera editione vix pagina invenitur, in qua non hoc vel aliud emendatum sit." These changes were caused partly by the publication of separate *Registra*, such as the sixth and seventh volumes of the *Bullarium Franciscanum*, also by the lists of the English Bishoprics by Stubbs, and in Italy by the first part of P. Savio's *Gli Antichi Vescovati d'Italia*, as well as several French registers of diocesan bishops and similar accounts relating to the various religious Orders whose members had been elected to the hierarchy. These results came to light for the most part after the first appearance of the *Hierarchia*, which was to replace the old and very faulty Series of Gams, and would probably have been impossible if the work of Dr. Eubel had not previously awakened special interest in the studies with which the works referred to are concerned. Thus new special and previously private sources have been opened to scholars, of which the editor of the *Hierarchia* wisely availed himself to perfect his work. For the rest, the character and order of the volumes have not been altered. There is first of all the list of Roman Pontiffs; next, a triple list of Cardinals in the order of their election, in that of their titulars, and in their family or "vulgar" title. The most important part is of course the historical notes which accompany the names in their order of succession. The list of bishops takes in those of the various coun-

tries from the year 1198 to the year 1431. The volume will, we trust, be soon followed by the publication of the remaining portion of the work. The price for the unbound first part is 30 Marks.

OUR LADY IN THE LITURGY. Considerations on Certain Feasts of the Mother of God. By Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. London: Sands & Co. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1913. Pp. 237.

Father Barrett invests the chief feasts of Our Blessed Lady with a reverently picturesque and instructive form of description. He leads his reader to understand the history and purpose of the feast, as he sketches the scenes in which the first acts were enacted, and tells how love made tradition the bearer of many devout recollections whence the faith of Catholics draws strength and comfort. In this way we are made to understand the fuller meaning of the mysteries of the Incarnation, with its beautiful landmarks of the Divine Maternity, Our Lady's Espousals, Purification, Annunciation, Dolors, Assumption. Then we find her again coming down from the heavens as the Help of Christians, Our Lady of Mercy, of Perpetual Succor; charming her children into love of her virtues and wisdom by the beauty of Mount Carmel, of the Rosary, of her Immaculate Heart. Priests will find here ample material for effective preaching and for the instruction of the Children of Mary. Those who read the *Ave Maria* magazine are already familiar with most chapters of the book, and need hardly be urged to get this library edition of attractive Mariana.

FROM HUSSAR TO PRIEST. A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase, First Superior of the Westminster Diocesan Missionaries of Our Lady of Compassion. By Henry Patrick Russell, author of "Cyril Westward," etc. With a Foreword by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Walter Croke Robinson, M.A. With five portraits. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 1913. Pp. 300.

Charles Rose Chase, youngest son of Colonel Morgan Charles Chase, was born in 1844, in London. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Wellington College, which had shortly before been opened under the presidency of Dr. Benson, later archbishop of Canterbury and father of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. In 1861 young Chase was offered and accepted a commission in the British Twenty-first Hussars. The writer of the biography recalls a visit of the cricket team of his own College to Dr. Benson's school, and the kind hospitality received there some years later. He subsequently met the young soldier, and a friendship sprang up be-

tween them which lasted for thirty-one years; this friendship forms the sympathetic keynote of Mr. Russell's writing, who, some years earlier than his friend, had found his way into the Catholic Church, as described by him in *Cyril Westward*. After seven years in the army, the young officer resigned his commission in order to enter Oxford, with a view to qualify for the Anglican ministry. The following year he left Oxford to enter Salisbury Theological College, and was ordained in 1872. At Clifton, where he was assigned as curate, he gained a reputation as a preacher. Mgr. Robinson, who writes the Foreword to the volume, tells of his first meeting the young Anglican minister at Lucerne, in 1875; and how then the latter seemed greatly perturbed about his religious position, feeling for the moment the absolute conviction that the Catholic Church claimed his allegiance; how, on arriving in Paris, he spent the entire day at prayer in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and when he rose from his knees "he felt firmly convinced that the Anglican Church was right." The two did not meet again for twenty-five years. All this time he was in perfect good faith. "Here is a fact," says Mr. Russell, "of more than a third of ordinary human life being spent on the road to the Catholic Church. This will be in the nature of a surprise to most, but not to those who have had experience of the mysterious process of the conversion of a soul to the faith."

For twenty years our convert held the position of Vicar of All Saints' Church at Plymouth, greatly beloved of all classes for his engaging manners and virtuous life. In 1898 he resigned his charge, his mind having been troubled anew with doubts as to his position toward Protestantism. In 1900 he embraced the Catholic Faith. He went to the Redemptorist Fathers at Bishop's Stortford to study theology. Many of his Anglican friends followed him there and, influenced by his example, sympathy, and advice in due course found their way into the Catholic Church. We note at this juncture a remarkable example of the largemindedness and truly discriminating tolerance of the late Cardinal Vaughan, though no one will question his fervent, not to say rigorous adherence to the traditions of Rome. It appears that many Anglicans who knew Mr. Chase and who were favorably disposed toward the Catholic Church, frequented the services at Bishop's Stortford church during his residence there as a student of theology. To welcome and encourage such inquirers "and help them to feel at home in the church" Cardinal Vaughan gave special permission to have the *Gloria* and *Credo* of the Mass sung in English, to the old Anglican chants they had been accustomed to; and familiar tunes from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* were likewise introduced. Protestants who at first stood outside the

church, by and by shyly entered, became acquainted with the Redemptorist Fathers, and after a while found themselves under instruction, and in due course children of the Catholic Church.

After spending six months with the Fathers in Hertfordshire, and six months more in the English Collegio Beda in Rome, he was ordained by the present Cardinal Merry del Val. For a short time he was engaged in missionary work at Moorfields, and in the early part of 1913 was appointed Superior of what became subsequently the Catholic Missionary Society. He worked in an especial manner for the conversion of those thousands who were not of the fold in England, by giving missions to non-Catholics, akin to the missionary work of the Paulist Fathers and of secular priests in the United States. Despite constant suffering through ill-health, he labored to the last with the zeal and ardor of an apostle. Obliged by the advice of his physicians to seek a less severe climate, he left England for the Canaries. Death overtook him when he had got no further than Lisbon.

Mr. Russell relates an interesting fact in connexion with the last period of Fr. Chase's life. It appears that before his leaving England he was engaged to open a mission at Sheffield. Despite his being quite ill, of what he considered a cold, he was ready to start. "When all were saying," he writes to his sister, "I must not go, and I was determined to start, a Paulist Father from Chicago came like a good angel and offered to preach my mission." We have a suspicion that the young Paulist was the late Father Doyle. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Russell, whom our readers will recognize as a contributor to the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, writes of his hero in an engaging style.

SING YE TO THE LORD. Expositions of Fifty Psalms. By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. Second Series. Catholic Truth Society: London. B. Herder: St. Louis, Mo. Pp. 402.

Father Eaton's exposition of the Psalms, of which the first series appeared some years ago, is not intended to be an exegetical commentary on the Psalter. It is rather a cycle of continuous, though not necessarily connected, reflexions on doctrinal, moral and devotional truths, for which the various Psalms furnish appropriate texts. The volume contains the substance of brief discourses which the author has delivered to the members of the Apostleship of Prayer at their weekly meetings in the church of the Oratory at Edgbaston, in order to inspire his hearers with a love of the Psalms. Each group of published discourses embraces fifty Psalms. There

are fifty-one discourses in the present series, including the Epilogue —Ps. 30. In a former group a single Psalm (Ps. 45) is made the text of different reflexions. There is a simple grace and unction in Father Eaton's style, and the expression of thought here and there suggests spiritual as well as literary associations with the late Cardinal Newman whose devoted disciple the author was for years, as he is now a successor in his labors at the Birmingham Oratory. A third series, to complete the work on the same plan, may be looked for from the same gifted pen.

CAS DE CONSCIENCE A L'USAGE DES PERSONNES DU MONDE. Par L. Desbrus. Pierre Téqui. Paris. 1913. Pp. 412.

Books discussing cases of conscience are not wanting in the Latin language, and several of the same class have recently been done into English. There are likewise a few excellent compilations dealing with similar topics under the title "Question Box". The present volume in French partakes of the character of both of these questionaires. It has the special merit that the "cases" discussed are in no wise fictitious; all of them were asked by real individuals and are therefore eminently practical. They are for the most part such as are likely to come up at any moment or place from thoughtful religious people living in the world, though some of them relate to problems and conditions as they exist principally in France. The solutions offered do usually solve; wherever, at least, solutions are morally possible. As an instance of the class of difficulties that sometimes beset the respondent, the "case" of importunate busybodies may be noted. The querist is troubled about how to escape revealing the truth, and one of the "points" is thus stated: Not infrequently "telle bonne femme" bluntly asks how old you are. Now, without being "d'une coquetterie répréhensible," one may have excellent reasons for not giving the demanded information. What's to be done? Here is how M. Desbrus, after laying down some general principles covering the case as a whole, relieves the anxious querist in this particular scruple: "As regards a person who might be *fâcheusement* questioned as to *her* age, we would not impute it a crime in her not to tell the full number of years with which God has thus far blessed *her*. Should she have been already in the world for forty years, she is surely here for twenty or thirty, since the larger number includes the lesser." And so on. The answer shows the author's prudence no less than his moral science! He has produced a book that is both instructive and interesting.

LEVIA PONDERA. An Essay Book. By John Ayscough. Longmans, Green and Company: New York and London. 1913. Pp. 371.

Levia Pondera is a collection of well-digested studies, literary, historical, psychological, didactic, moral, and in some cases ephemeral, such as those on matters of every-day life, like "Cold Porridge" or "Diabolical Trees," which latter is a euphemism for Lending Libraries. There is in the volume much thought and more food for thought that comes from the suggested views of the author, especially as to the popular way of reading history, illustrated by the life of Charles II, or as to the value of literary fame, dealt with in two essays on John Galt. One may occasionally disagree with the author's conclusions, as when he says "there are no loose sallies" in Macaulay, whose reviews of books are supposed to be "not suggestions but measured and weighty statements"; but there can be no doubt about the author's originality and keenness of observation. What makes these essays particularly attractive, apart from the amount of information they impart, is the humor which the author carries into his style. It is not of the quality of Chesterton's humor, but finer, though not sharper; it is such as befits the essayist of whom he tells us that "a smile is all he aims at calling forth, or a sigh with half a smile in it".

Despite the author's disavowal, in his dedication, we think that these essays rank with the best of John Ayscough's literary work, which indeed covers a good deal of ground, more especially in the realm of fiction.

Literary Chat.

Now that the avowedly revolutionary wing of the organized, or rather disorganized, army of labor is pressing forward with all the ardor of assured victory, the clergy, whose post is no less on the watch-tower than on the battle-field, must be fully acquainted with the strength and the tactics of this constantly increasing host that aims at nothing less than the destruction of the entire fabric of our present society, if not of all modern civilization. We refer of course to the Syndicalist movement which is organized in this country as the I. W. W. (Industrial Workers of the World). We have previously referred in these pages to J. Ramsay McDonald's little book entitled *Syndicalism*, as an excellent summary of the foundations, program, and propaganda of industrial revolutionism. A recent book which goes into the whole subject with much more detail is Mr. John Graham Brooks's *American Syndicalism, the I. W. W.* (New York, The Macmillan Co.) The author is well known through his able study, *The Social Unrest*, some more radical aspects of which subject are now developed by him in his recent book on *Syndicalism*. We simply call attention to the book here and now, as a fuller account of it will appear in a future number together with a critique of the following important works on kindred topics.

The *Larger Aspects of Socialism,* by William English Walling, is one of the most thoughtful expositions of the Socialist movement that have thus far appeared. In a former volume, *Socialism as It is,* a review of which has previously appeared in these pages, Mr. Walling discussed the economic and political aspects of Collectivism; in the present work he treats of its larger, the intellectual and spiritual, features. The author's sympathies are, it need hardly be said, with the movement he discusses, and in so far, of course, we must differ from him. On the other hand, as an exposition of the scientific and philosophical bases and the manifold bearings of Socialism, especially toward morality, religion, and education, one must recognize the work's superior merits, and recommend it as such to thorough students, particularly to those who are still laboring under the delusion (if the presence of such a delusion may be thought compatible with "thoroughness") that Socialism means simply economic collectivism. If there is one fact made sure by a perusal of Mr. Walling's books it is that Socialism is a "world-view", a *philosophy of reality,* especially of human life. Industrial collectivism is not the main thing—an end; it is the means to an end, the reorganization of man's aspirations and activities to be conditioned by a new social order radically different from the present. But of all this another time, soon.

Whilst it is comparatively easy to prove that the economic interpretation of history is not generally, and surely not universally, applicable as an explanation of human history, it is by no means so easy to determine the measure in which economic processes and ideals have been influential in shaping the progress of empire throughout the ages. Such determination can only be attained by detailed study of the actual historical events in their antecedents and consequences. And here it is that specializations, controlled of course by comprehensive vision, alone can reach results that are really worth while. Professor Beard's recent work, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* (New York, The Macmillan Co.), is a valuable contribution to the not too copious literature developed on these specialized lines of research.

It is doubtless an inspiring picture to carry in one's imagination, especially on the ever glorious Fourth, that of the venerable Framers and Signers drawn together by the mighty energies of natural justice and political freedom, establishing the organic constitution of the young Republic, and proclaiming to the world the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But while recognizing the inclusion of these lofty ideals and motives one must not forget that these were by no means exclusive of more materialistic influences. Property—lands, goods, money, what not—were no less powerful motives. "The members of the Philadelphia Convention which drafted the Constitution were, with a few exceptions, immediately, directly, and personally interested in and derived economic advantages from the establishment of the new system. The Constitution was essentially an economic document based upon the concept that the fundamental private rights of property are anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities. . . . The Constitution was ratified by a vote of probably not more than one-sixth of the adult males. . . . It was not created by 'the whole people', as the jurists have said; nor by 'the States' as the Southern nullifiers long contended; but it was the work of a consolidated group, whose interests knew no State boundaries and were truly national in their scope." These are some of the conclusions reached by Prof. Beard. They do not contradict the presence of lofty idealistic motives in the bosom of the founders of our magna charta, but they point to the coëxistence of other, though less exalted, influences.

Non-Catholic teachers are more and more realizing the necessity of "moral teaching in the school and home". A manual for teachers and parents bearing as title the words here quoted has just been prepared by Dr. E. Hershey

Sneath, professor in Yale University, and the Rev. Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge (New York, The Macmillan Co.). The authors insist upon the necessity of not only moral but likewise religious training in the school. Their sincerity and earnestness of endeavor toward effecting this much-needed improvement in our modern educational system are beyond all praise. The main difficulty, however, imposes itself when there arises the problem of arranging and introducing a religious program in which Catholic, Protestant, and Jew—nothing is said of Agnostic, Socialist, and the rest whose numbers are swelling in the public schools—could or would agree. We fear the common platform idea proposed by the sincerely zealous authors would hardly be acceptable to earnestly religious people.

The philosophy of Henri Bergson has been widely and enthusiastically heralded everywhere of late. Those who desire to know the substance of this rather elusive teaching, without making the effort to study it at first-hand, will find M. Edouard Le Roy a competent guide. M. Le Roy's two short essays on Bergson have been recently translated by Mr. Vincent Benson, M.A., and are now published by Henry Holt & Co. (New York) in a handy volume under the title of *The New Philosophy of Henri Bergson* (pp. 235).

A Catholic student will dissent widely from the brilliant Frenchman's speculations; but he cannot fail to recognize the merits of the present exposition. Henri Bergson is fortunate in having so faithful and ardent an interpreter as Edouard Le Roy, and both writers are fortunate in having so competent a translator as Vincent Benson; and the good fortune of all three culminates in the material make-up of the present volume.

We wish we might give the reader prominence in the happy grouping; but he must be content to take the lowest place.

What some one has facetiously said of Chesterton may not be inaptly said of Bergson:

"When plain folk, such as you and I
See the sun sinking in the sky,
We think it is the setting sun,
But Mr. Gilbert Chesterton
Is not so easily misled:
He calmly stands upon his head,
And upside-down obtains a new
And Chestertonian point of view.
Observing thus, how from his toes
The sun creeps nearer to his nose,
He cries, with wonder and delight,
How grand the SUNRISE is to-night!"

Bergson's is truly a wonderful philosophy, nor least so because one must stand upon one's head to see it. However, this upside-down point of view—which not every one can assume unaided—is greatly facilitated by following Mr. Le Roy's directions.

The Rev. Remi S. Keyzer, rector of the Cathedral of St. John, Boise, Idaho, has shown that it is possible to introduce congregational singing into city and country churches, under conditions that are usually considered to be unfavorable, for such liturgical services as High Mass and Vespers. It is not necessary that we should adhere to plain-chant where the facilities for special training of boys' and men's voices are not within the reach of the ordinary choir. A really popular mass lends itself to every kind of congregational adaptation. Father Keyser has written two such masses; and in his place has made congregational singing a reality. Not that he has succeeded in getting every parishioner to take part in the singing, but he has been able to induce some two hundred men, women, and children to sing these compositions

regularly each Sunday at High Mass. It is a method to be recommended to all pastors, since the participation of the people in the liturgy means an increase of holiness in the parish and a lessening of the troubles of those who have to look after a choir service. (Fischer Bros., N. Y.)

The Ghosts of Bigotry by Father P. C. Yorke, of San Francisco, is a cleverly written series of lectures on a number of historical topics that have hitherto furnished anti-Catholic prejudice with food for misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine and discipline. It is a book especially for school teachers and young people, as offering a good antidote to bigotry and popular ignorance (Textbook Publishing Co., San Francisco).

Mother Loyola's *Welcome,* which contains choice matter of preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion adapted to various conditions of life, has been translated and published in beautiful form in German under the title *Willkommen* (Fr. Pustet & Co.).

"Aguecheek" (Charles Bullard Fairbanks) will be remembered by readers of American periodical literature during the middle of the last century as a favorite correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette.* His essays on social, literary, and historical subjects are delightful reading and remind one of Robert Walsh's *Didactics,* of a somewhat earlier date. A keen observer of men and conditions, the "unknown" author holds the reader's attention, and gives new color to the scenes of travel sketched, even if the ground covered lies within the tourist's familiar paths,—London, Paris, or Rome. Mr. Henry Garrity amply justifies the new title of *My Unknown Chum* which he gives to the republished volume. We do not agree with him in the doubt he seems to cast on the author's identity. It appears reasonable enough, as part of Fairbanks's anonymity, that he should present his observations as those of a man of advanced years (The Devin-Adair Co.).

Some good Catholic novels introducing clerical characters have recently appeared, to be credited to neither Mgr. Benson nor Canon Sheehan. One of them is *In the Lean Years* by Felicia Curtis. We consider it one of the best books of historical fiction of the day. It recalls in large measure *Come Back! Come Rope!* so far as the plot is concerned, although it deals with a different period.

Another story is Miss Olive Katharine Parr's *A White-handed Saint.* The hero is a converted priest, a fine character, though some of his actions, whilst explicable on the score of intensity of feeling, appear hardly edifying. But the book is well written and carries a wholesome moral with it.

The Sorrow of Lycadoon by Mrs. Thomas Concannon,*Through Refining Fires* by Marie Haultmont, and *Stanmore Hall and its Inmates,* appeal less directly to the clerical reader.

Controversies with Modernism have for the most part centred on speculative or historical questions. The practical issues—save inasmuch as they are included or implicated in such questions—have not been so much in evidence. A small volume, by the Bishop of Verdun, in France, Mgr. Chollet, dealing with the explicitly practical aspects of Modernism has recently been issued by Lethielleux (Paris). The title is *L'Ascétique Moderniste,* and the method pursued is that of contrasting Modernistic with anti-Modernistic asceticism. The former member of the comparison occupies much the larger part of the book (pp. 151). The second member is embodied in a short panegyric (pp. 21) on M. Vianney, in which the venerable Curé d'Ars is presented as a type of genuinely Catholic ascetic life. As is the case with all of Mgr. Chollet's many other writings, the thought is elevated and inspiring.

Professor Jacquier's two conferences before the Catholic Faculties of Lyons, on *La Crédibilité des Évangiles,* have just been issued by the house

of Victor Lecoffre (Paris) in a small brochure of less than one hundred pages. It is of course a very much condensed, though withal illuminating, presentation of the arguments for the historicity and veracity of the Gospels—with the counter objections—and as such will prove suggestive to the lecturer on those topics.

The permanent committee in France on Eucharistic Congresses have taken in hand the publication of the discourses pronounced by the French section of the various international assemblages in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The fifth series of these *Discours Eucharistiques,* embracing those delivered at Vienna in 1912, has just been published by Lethielleux.

A new life of Veuillot, the great French litterateur and eminent *defensor fidei,* has just been issued (Lethielleux). The author, Professor Lecigne, is eminently qualified for his task by long experience in biographical fields; and, bringing as he does to his present undertaking intimate personal acquaintance with his subject, love for his task, and a charming style, the result is a life of Veuillot that must take a permanent place among the best genuine portraits *de viris illustribus.*

Marriage is one of the most difficult of the subjects upon which the priest has from time to time at least to speak to his people. Books there are in great abundance that by their matter and method are helps toward the performance of this duty. One more has recently come to light under the title of *La Vocation au Mariage,* by the Dominican Père Vuillermet, the author of several other volumes dealing with cognate subjects. The volume embodies a series of fifteen conferences (pp. 327), previously delivered in Lille. The work is solidly doctrinal, without being too didactic, and is sanely practical. (Lethielleux.)

The "Black Robe Voyageur", whose interesting story is told in this issue of the REVIEW by Mr. R. F. O'Connor, is still living in what he calls his "hermitage" at Pincher Creek, Alberta. Father Dawson, O.M.I., a brother priest and religious of the same Order, writes in answer to our request for details of the old missionary's present habitat: "Father Lacombe is evidently even at the present time a missioner and not a hermit. Pincher's Creek is quite in the south of Alberta, to the southwest of Macleod and Lethbridge. Lacombe (City), called after Fr. Lacombe by his friend Sir Wm. Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is far to the north, on the C. P. R. line from Calgary to Edmonton. Pincher's Creek is in the newly-formed diocese of Calgary. St. Albert diocese has been divided into Edmonton (archbishopric) and Calgary. The first bishop of Calgary, John Thomas MacNally, consecrated in Rome on 1 June, was a secular priest of the diocese of Ottawa, student of the University of Ottawa and of the Roman College."

The firm of Desclée (Rome, Tournai, Paris) has just published an edition of the new Roman Breviary which answers the needs of the clergy. Though not wholly faultless, it dispenses at least with the need of two books at a time, and has correct page references.

Books Received.

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

MATUTINAUD LIT LA BIBLE. Par l'Abbé E. Duplessy, Directeur de *La Réponse.* (*Les Idées de Matutinaud.*—5e Série.) Pierre Téqui, Paris. 1913. Pp. 271. Prix, 2 *fr.* 50.

LA CRÉDIBILITÉ DES ÉVANGILES. Conférences données aux Facultés catholiques de Lyon. Par l'abbé E. Jacquier, Professeur d'Écriture sainte à la Faculté de Théologie. J. Gabalda, Paris. 1913. Pp. 93. Prix, 1 *fr.*

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK TO THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the thirteenth French edition of Augustus Brassac, S.S., Prof. S. Scripture at St. Sulpice, Paris, by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S.T.L. The Gospels. Jesus Christ. Approb. Archb. Freiburg. Illustrated. B. Herder: St. Louis. Pp. 595. Price, $3.25.

PROBLEMS OF THE PASSION WEEK. An Appeal to International Biblical Scholarship through a Commission of Eminent Experts, asking for a New Verdict reversing Seventeen Hundred Years of Tradition, recalling Certain "Assured Results" of New Testament Criticism, and declaring the Marvelous Accuracy of the Gospel Writers. By Alfred Martin Haggard, of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. Reprinted from the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. Bureau of Biblical Investigation, University Place Station, Des Moines, Iowa. Prices: $0.15 per copy; 2 for $0.25; 5 for $0.50; $1.00 per doz.

THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

GROWTH IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD. Meditations for every day, exclusive of those for each festival, retreats, etc. Adapted from the French of the Abbé de Brandt, by Mother Mary Fidelis. Three volumes. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder. Price, $6.50.

THE WAY OF THE HEART. Letters of Direction by Mgr. d'Hulst. Edited, with an Introduction, by Mgr. A. Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute, Paris. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. Benziger Bros., New York. 1913. Pp. xxxi-326. Price, $1.50 *net;* $1.65 *postpaid.*

HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY. By the Right Rev. John S. Vaughan, D.D., Bishop of Sebastopolis. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. 1913. Pp. viii-124. Price, $0.60 *net.*

THE SPIRIT OF OUR LADY'S LITANY. By Abbot Smith, O.S.B. Benedictine Almanack, Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, Yorks., England. 1913. Pp. 141. Price, 1s. 2d.

MOIS DU SACRÉ COEUR DE JÉSUS ou L'Amour, les Vertus, l'Imitation du Cœur de Jésus. Par le R. P. Godfroy, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Cinquième édition. Pierre Téqui, Paris. 1913. Pp. 215. Prix, 1 *fr.*

AUCTARIUM BELLARMINIANUM. Supplément aux Œuvres du Cardinal Bellarmin. Par le R. P. Xavier-Marie Le Bachelet, S.J., Professeur de Théologie au Scolasticat d'Ore (Hastings). Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris. 1913. Pp. xxiv-726. Prix, 25 *fr.*

DOCTRINE EXPLANATIONS: Communion of Saints, Prayers, Purgatory, Indulgences. Appendix on Sacramentals. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. R. & T. Washbourne, London; Benziger Bros., New York. Pp. 64.

LA VOCATION SACERDOTALE. Traite théorique et pratique. Par Joseph Lahitton, Chanoine honoraire, Docteur en Théologie, Professeur de Dogme et d'Histoire Ecclésiastique. Nouvelle édition. Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris. 1913. Pp. xiv-527. Prix, 5 *fr.*

MYSTICAL CONTEMPLATION or the Principles of Mystical Theology. By the Rev. Father E. Lamballe, Eudist. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. Benziger Bros., New York. 1913. Pp. xvii-203. Price, $1.00 *net;* $1.10 *postpaid.*

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Translated from the German by the Rev. John Peter M. Schleuter, S.J. Benziger Bros., New York. 1913. Pp. 133. Price, $0.60 *net.*

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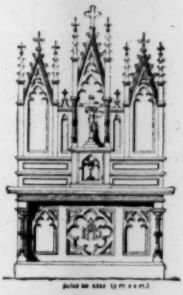

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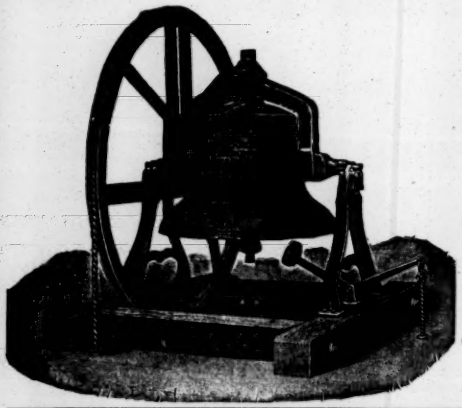

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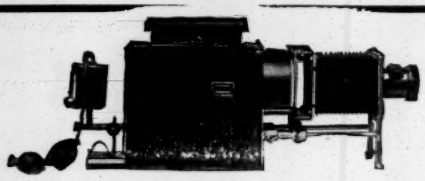

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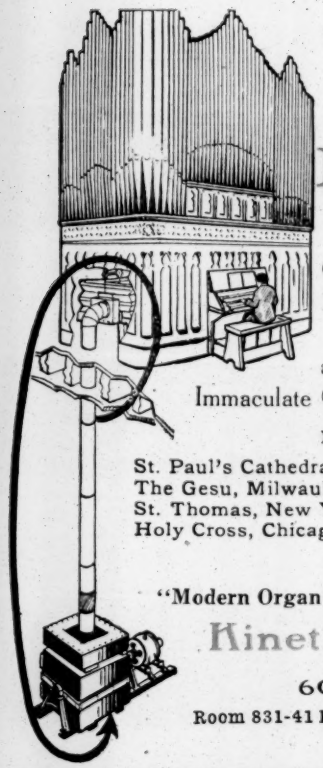

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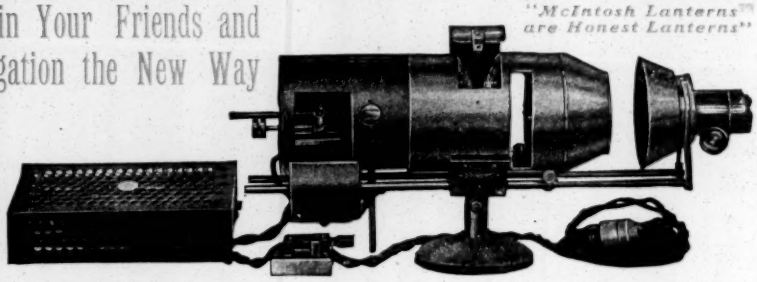

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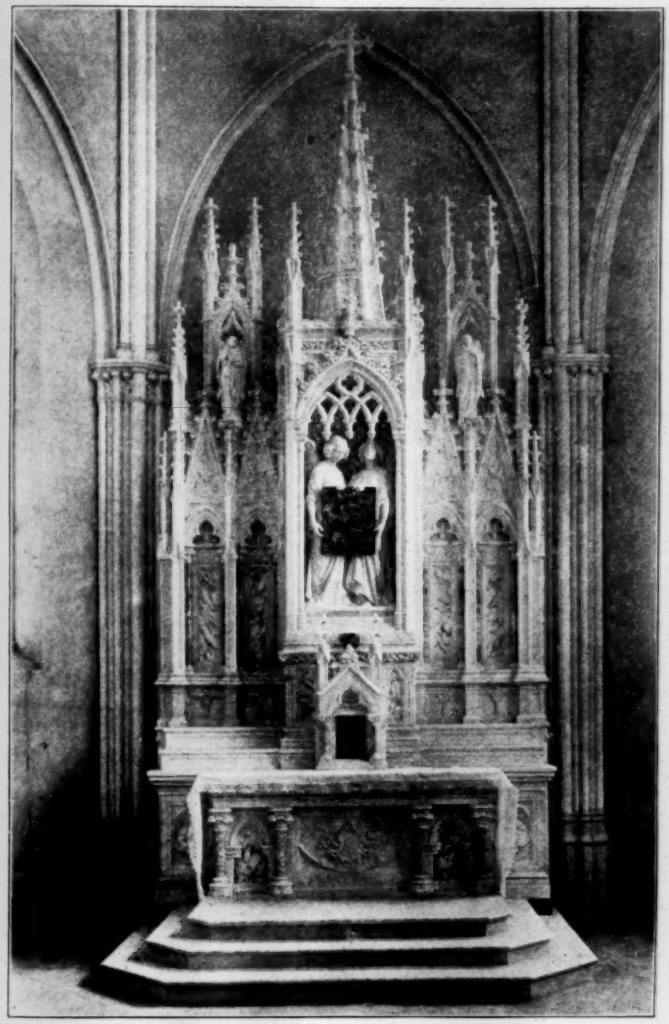

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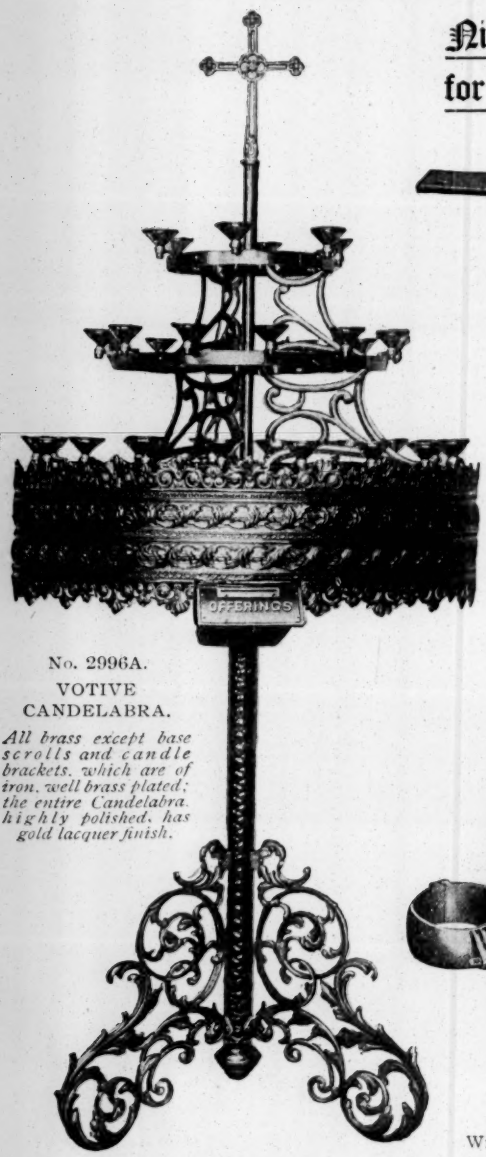
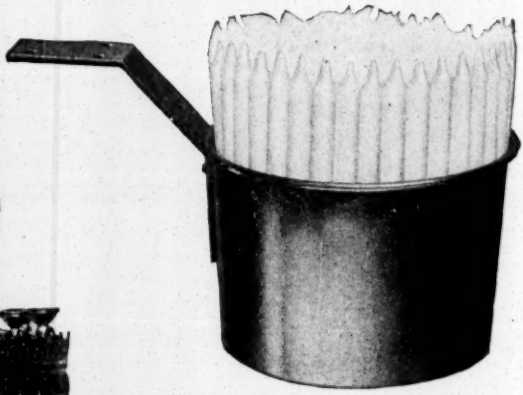


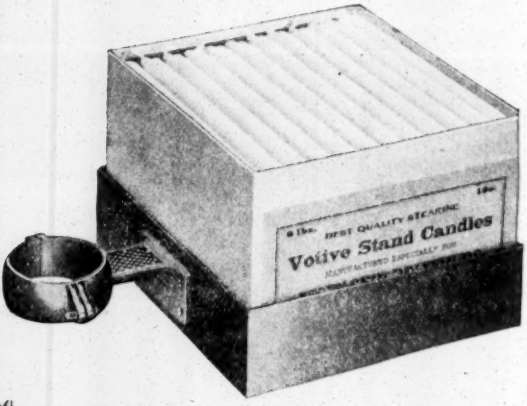
No. 2996A.
VOTIVE CANDELABRA.

All brass except base scrolls and candle brackets, which are of iron, well brass plated; the entire Candelabra highly polished, has gold lacquer finish.

No. 2996A.
For 36 candles. Diameter of drip-pan 30 inches. 72 inches high (36 inches to drip-pan).
Removable white enameled Water Drip-Pan and Alms Box included in price.
With double brass band, ornamented in high relief, each, $68.00.



No. 4084. CANDLEBOX FOR VOTIVE.
Of Brass, Varnished.
With arrangement for attaching below drip-pan, $3.00.



No. 4085. CANDELBOX FOR VOTIVE.
Of Brass, Varnished.
With arrangement for attaching below drip-pan, $4.25.
With arrangement for attaching to stem as shown above, $4.50.
(Arranged to hold our square box of Votive Candles).

Our VOTIVE No. 2996, without ornamentation band, nice plain band each, $50.00.

Our VOTIVE No. 4048, same as No. 2996, but smaller, with 24 lights each, $30.00.

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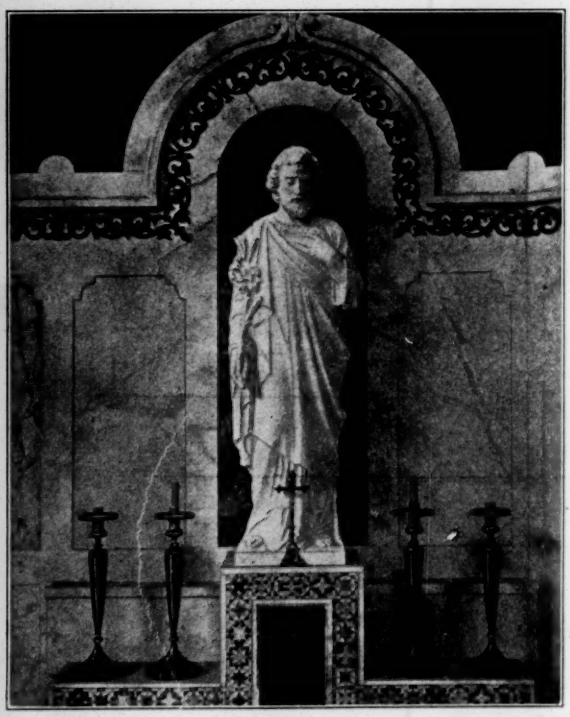

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